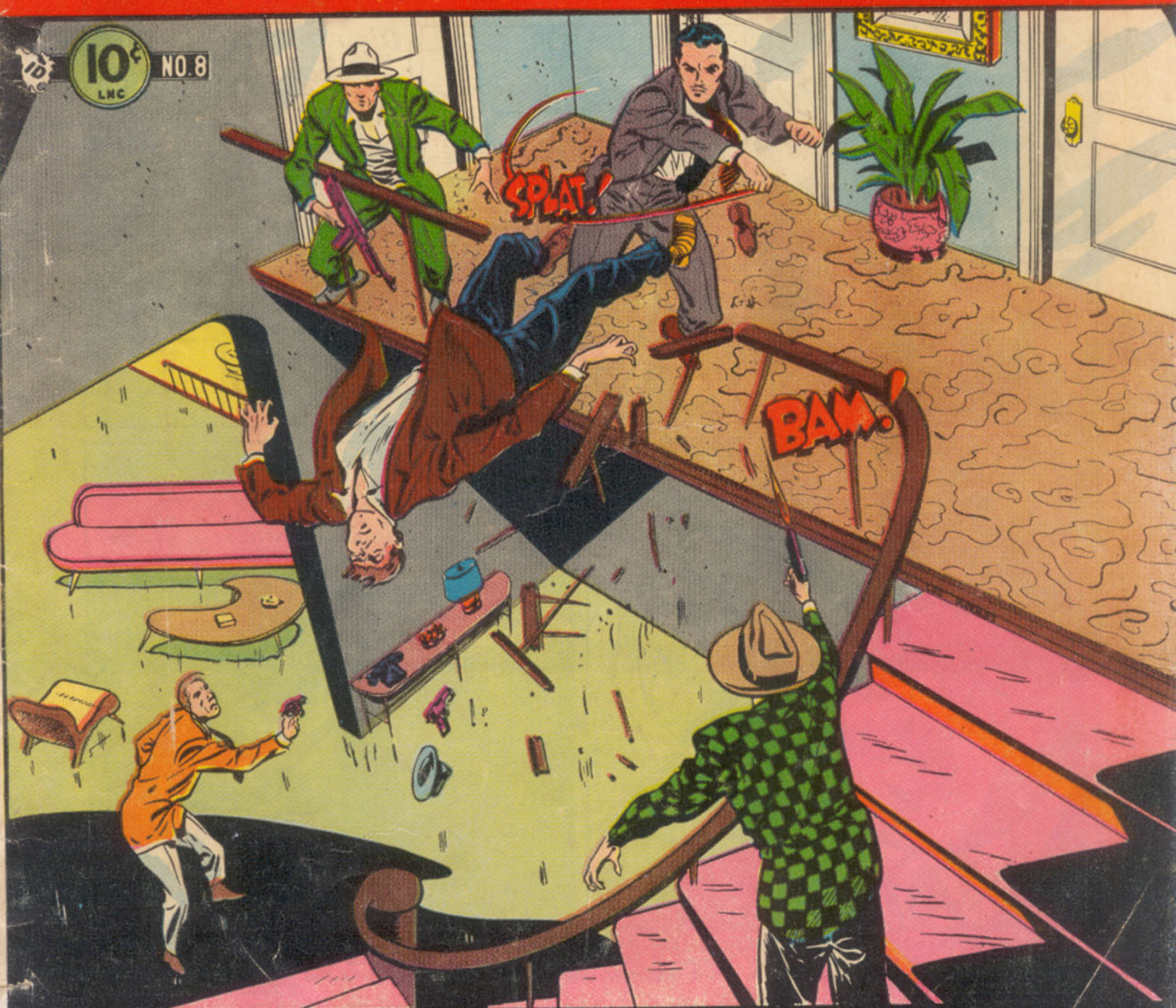


LAW
BREAKERS

LAW BREAKERS

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INSURED FOR MURDER • PRISON BREAK •
DEATH IN DICE • COP KILLER •



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LAWBREAKERS

CRIME CLUES

TRAPPED...
BY A HAIR!

ALL RIGHT,
IRENE... YOU
WON'T MARRY ME!
BUT IF I CAN'T
HAVE YOU, NO
ONE ELSE
WILL!

BILL! NO...
BILL... I...
UGH?



DEAD!

I'LL JUST THROW HER BODY
OUT RIGHT HERE. BUT FIRST
I'LL TAKE THAT HAIR SHE
PULLED FROM MY HEAD OUT
OF HER HAND. HOPE IT
DOESN'T SHOW TOO MUCH
WITH THIS HAIRCUT I JUST
GOT. I'VE GOTTA BE CARE-
FUL... NO CLUES...



NEXT DAY AT
BILL HECHT'S
APARTMENT...

YOU COPS ARE
CRAZY! I WAS
WATCHING THE
FIGHTS AT THE
ARENA! I HADN'T SEEN IRENE
FOR ABOUT A WEEK!



THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF
WE TAKE A STRAND OF
YOUR GOLDEN HAIR... AS A
MEMENTO, OF COURSE!

HAIR?!



A CRIMINAL ALWAYS SLIPS UP SOMEWHERE,
HECHTS. SOME OF THE VERY SMALL CLIPPINGS
THAT ARE LEFT ON A MAN'S HEAD AFTER A
HAIRCUT WERE LODGED UNDER IRENE'S
FINGERNAILS. AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW,
MATCHING HAIR IS AS POSITIVE AS A FINGER-
PRINT! COMING ALONG, HECHTS?

*Y-YES... YES,
INSPECTOR...



COP KILLER

THE SYNDICATE HAD MOVED INTO THE CITY... AND WITH ITS COMING, CRIME WENT INTO HIGH GEAR. THE NUMBERS RACKET, LOTTERIES AND A MULTITUDE OF PETTY CONFIDENCE GAMES TO FLEECE THE PEOPLE OF ONE OR TWO DOLLARS AT A TIME ADDED UP TO THOUSANDS IN THE POCKETS OF CRIMINAL CHIEFS. USUALLY CAREFUL TO AVOID UN-NECESSARY VIOLENCE, THE SYNDICATE VIOLATED ITS OWN RULES WHEN DETECTIVE LARRY RHEMY OF THE RACKETS SQUAD WAS MURDERED...



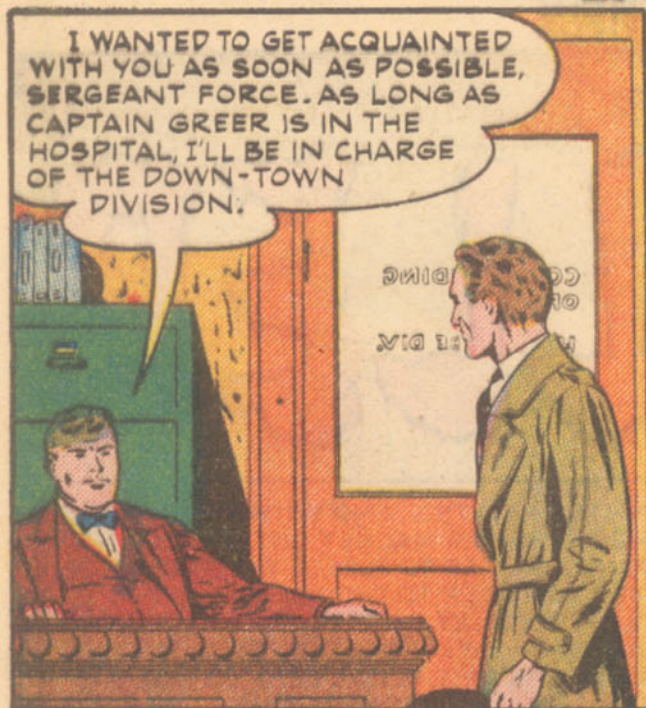
A SERGEANT FORCE
MURDER MYSTERY

THAT TAKES
CARE OF YOU,
COPPER!

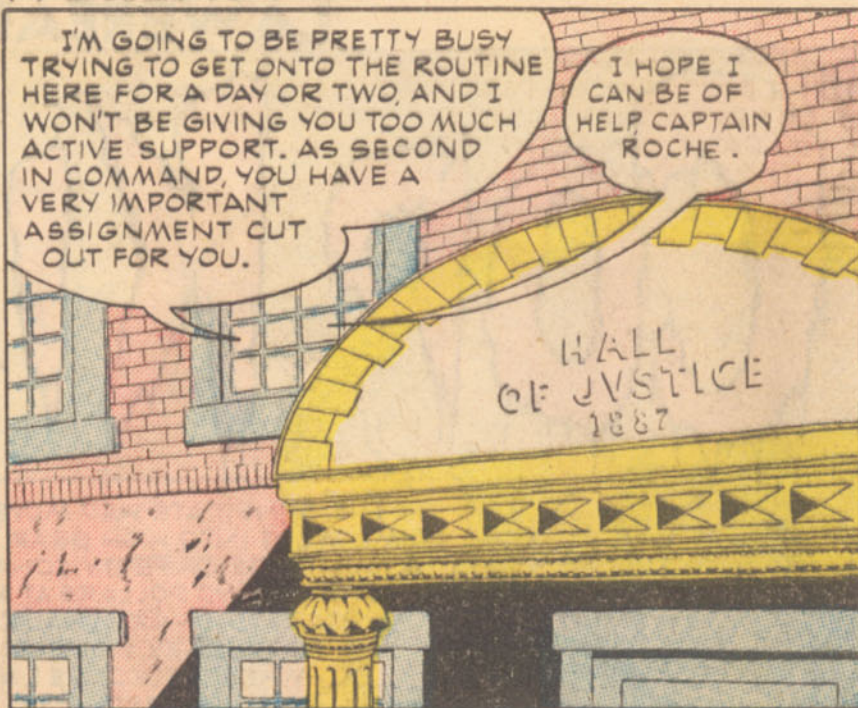
THUD!

CAMPBELL

LAWBREAKERS



I WANTED TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, SERGEANT FORCE. AS LONG AS CAPTAIN GREER IS IN THE HOSPITAL, I'LL BE IN CHARGE OF THE DOWN-TOWN DIVISION.

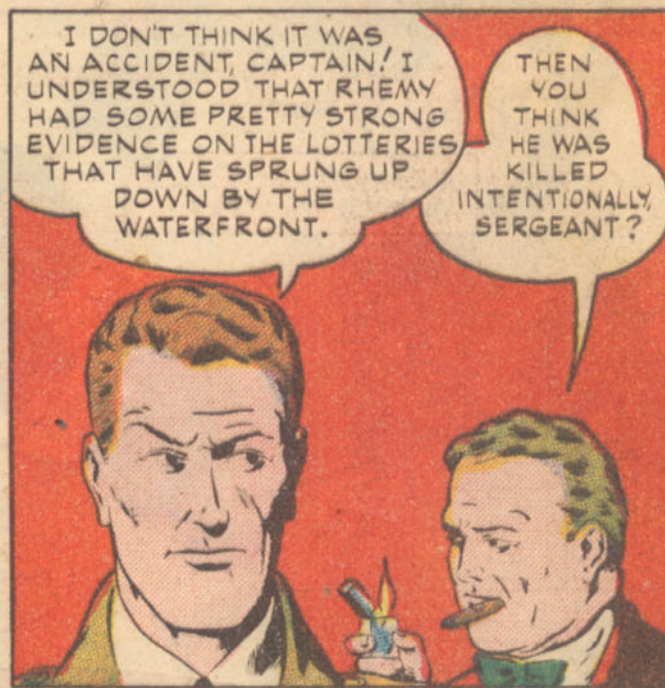


I'M GOING TO BE PRETTY BUSY TRYING TO GET ONTO THE ROUTINE HERE FOR A DAY OR TWO, AND I WON'T BE GIVING YOU TOO MUCH ACTIVE SUPPORT. AS SECOND IN COMMAND, YOU HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT CUT OUT FOR YOU.

I HOPE I CAN BE OF HELP, CAPTAIN ROCHE.

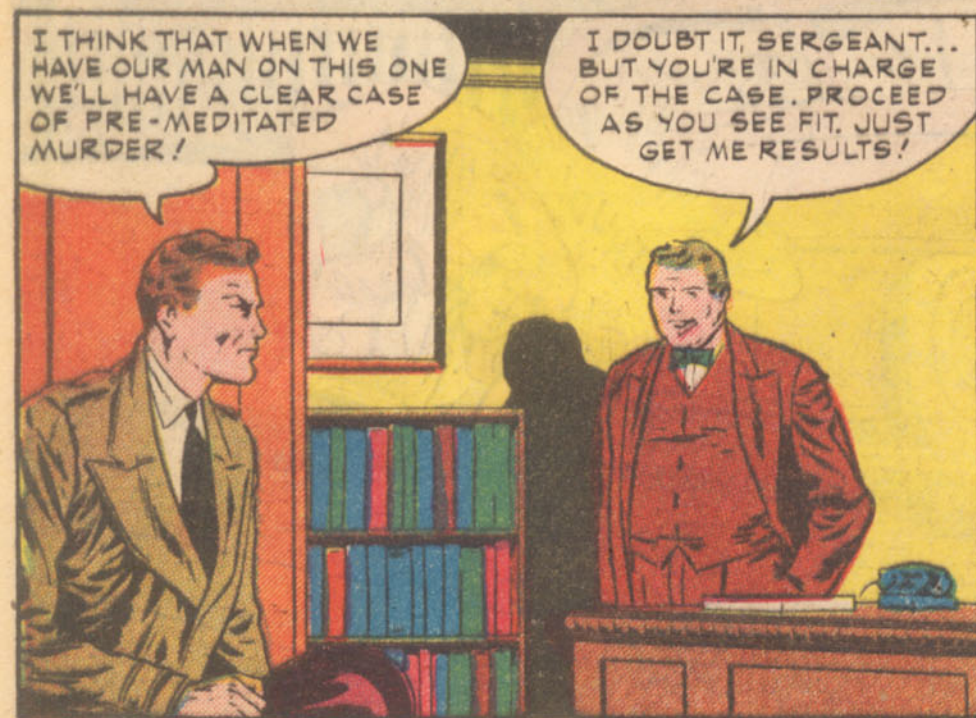


I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF INVESTIGATING THE HIT AND RUN KILLING OF DETECTIVE RHEMY LAST NIGHT. IT PROBABLY WAS ACCIDENTAL AS FAR AS THE HITTING WENT. BUT WHEN HE RAN, THE DRIVER MADE IT MANSLAUGHTER. I'M PRETTY ANXIOUS TO HAVE A TALK WITH THAT DRIVER...



I DON'T THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, CAPTAIN! I UNDERSTOOD THAT RHEMY HAD SOME PRETTY STRONG EVIDENCE ON THE LOTTERIES THAT HAVE SPRUNG UP DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT.

THEN YOU THINK HE WAS KILLED INTENTIONALLY, SERGEANT?



I THINK THAT WHEN WE HAVE OUR MAN ON THIS ONE WE'LL HAVE A CLEAR CASE OF PRE-MEDITATED MURDER!

I DOUBT IT, SERGEANT... BUT YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE CASE. PROCEED AS YOU SEE FIT. JUST GET ME RESULTS!



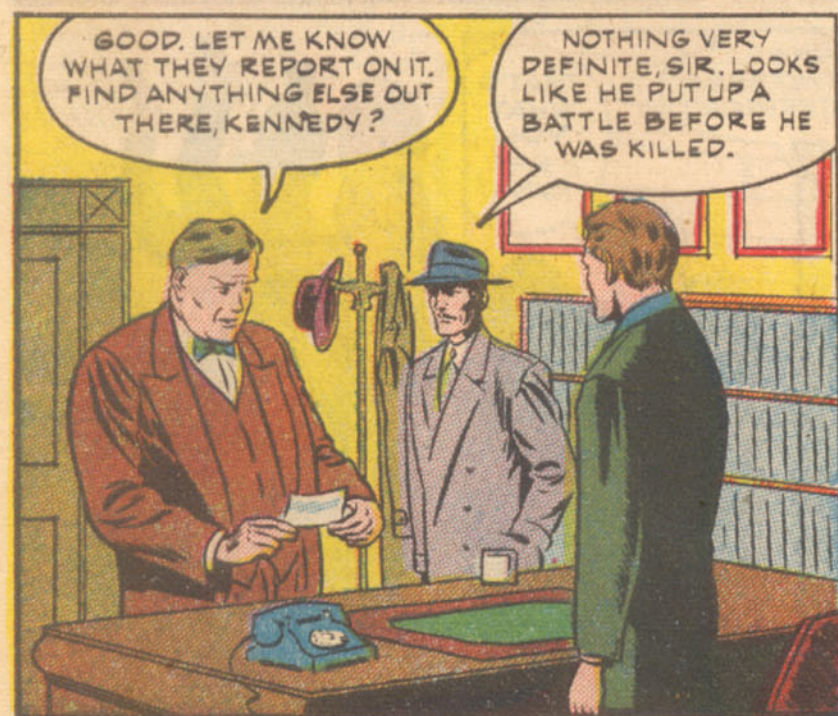
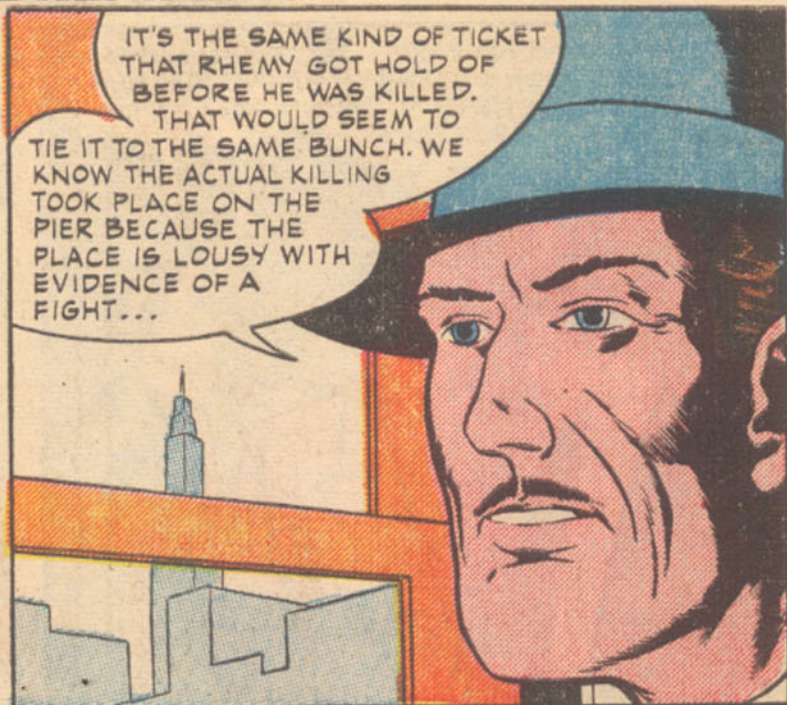
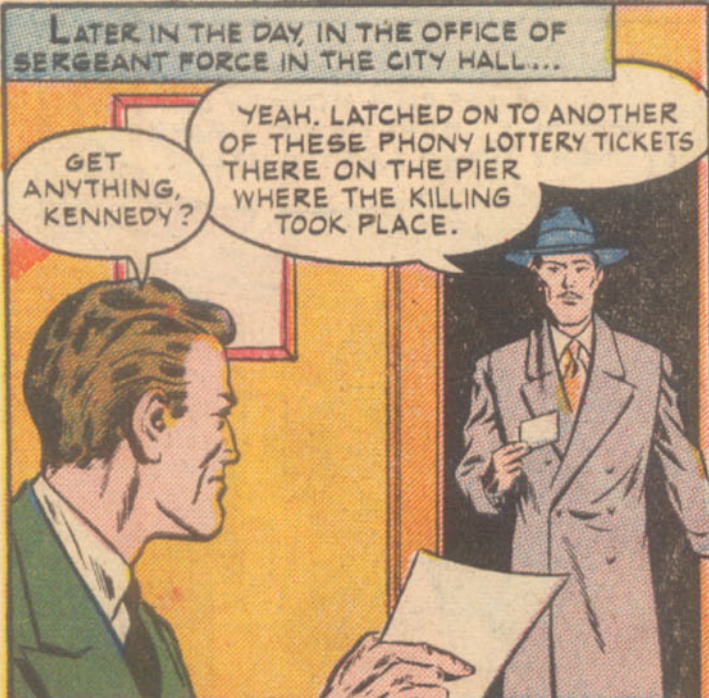
AND SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY ON THE WATERFRONT...

SURE YOU WANT TO BUY IT, JOE! IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BUCKS, AND YOU COULD WIN A HUNDRED!

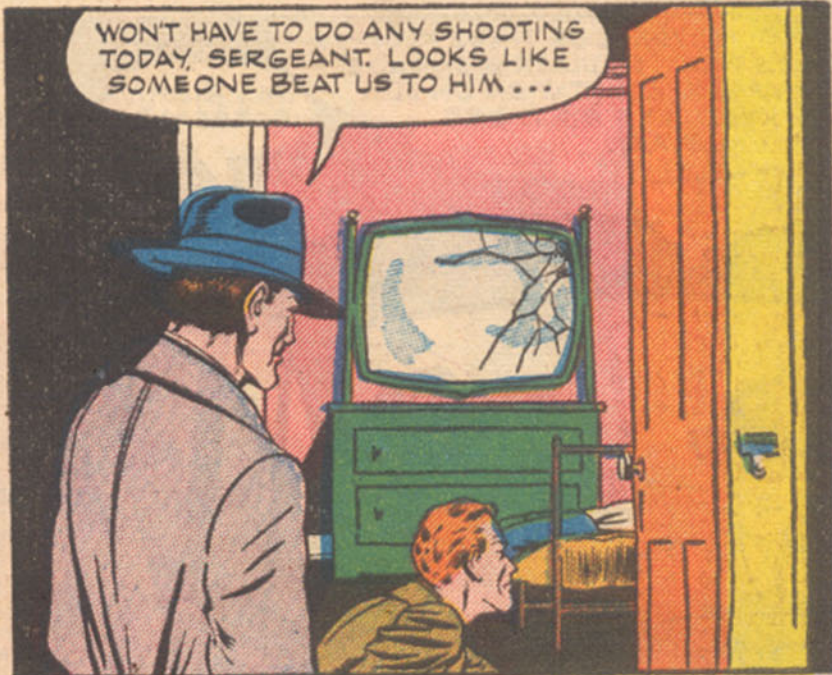
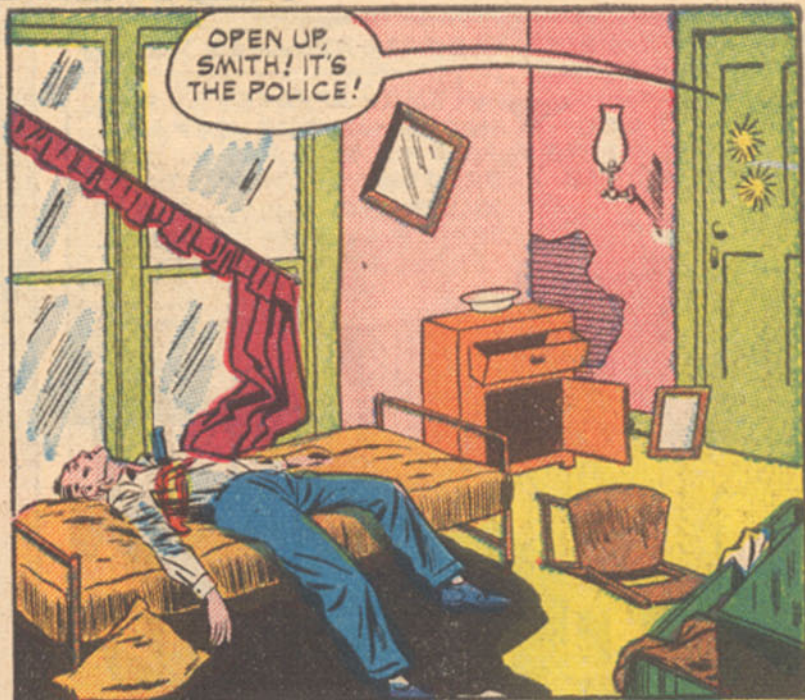
LAWBREAKERS



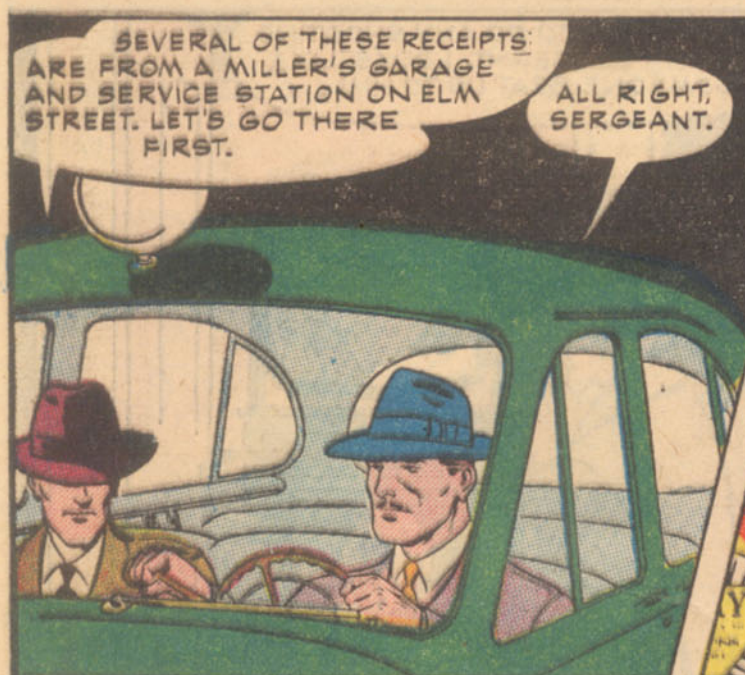
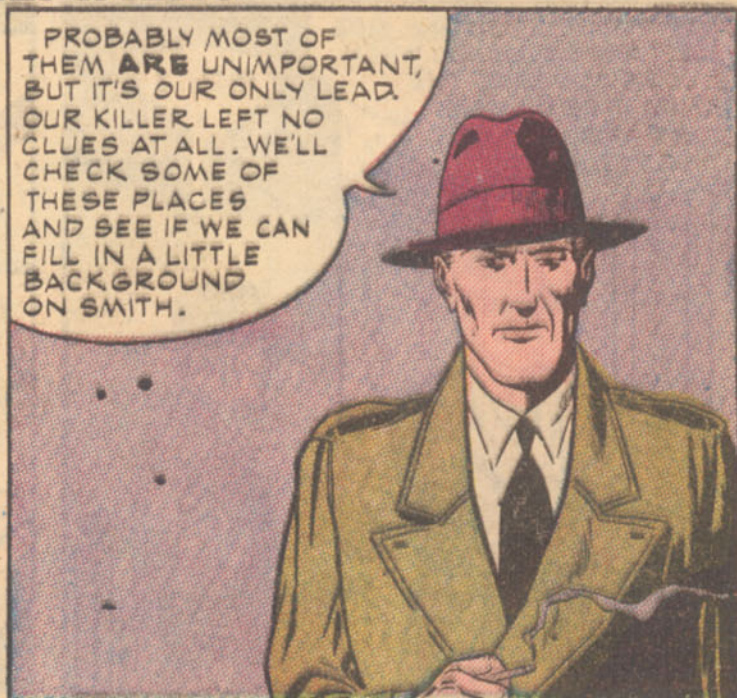
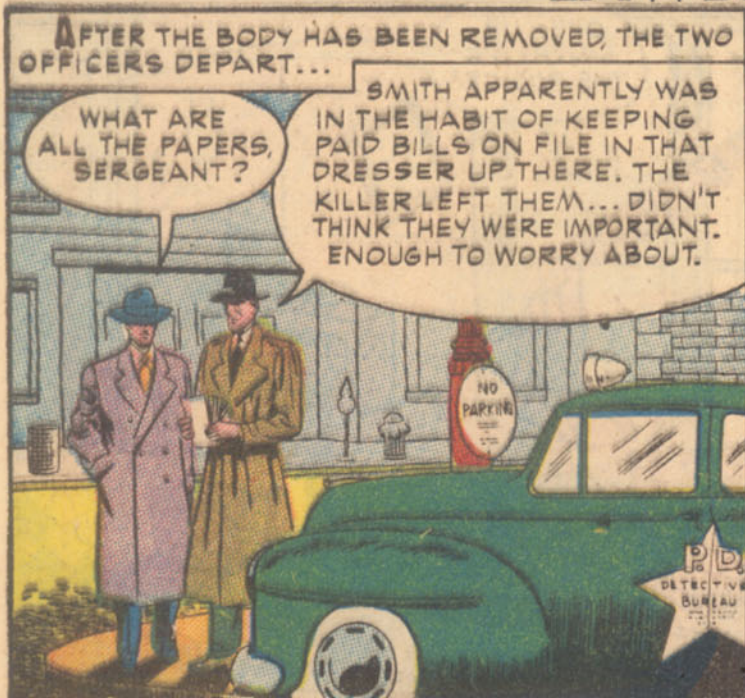
LAWBREAKERS



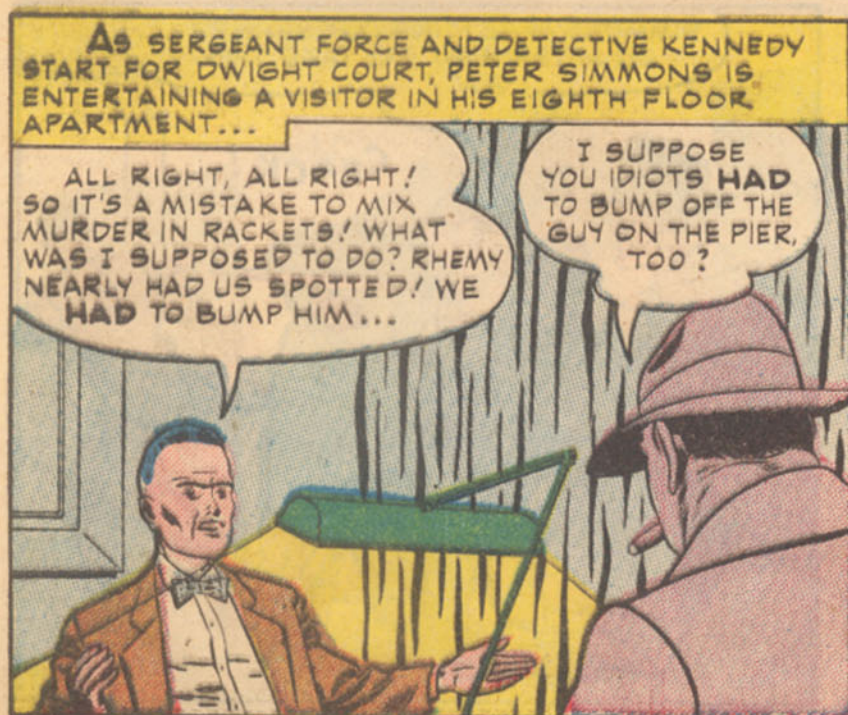
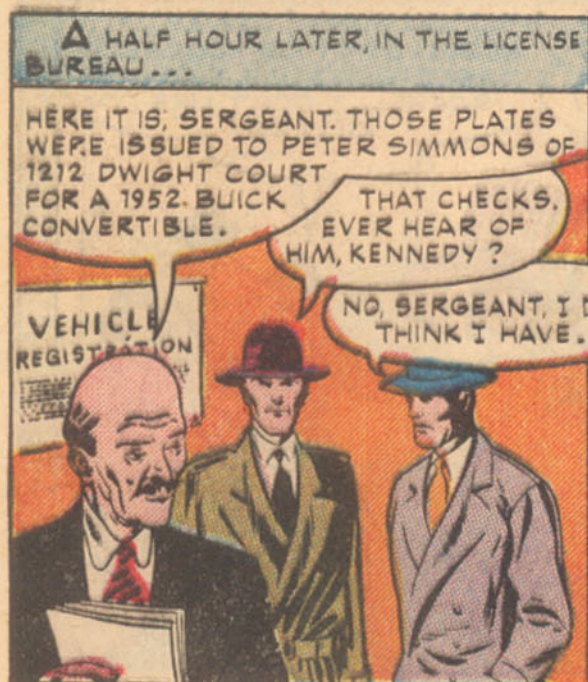
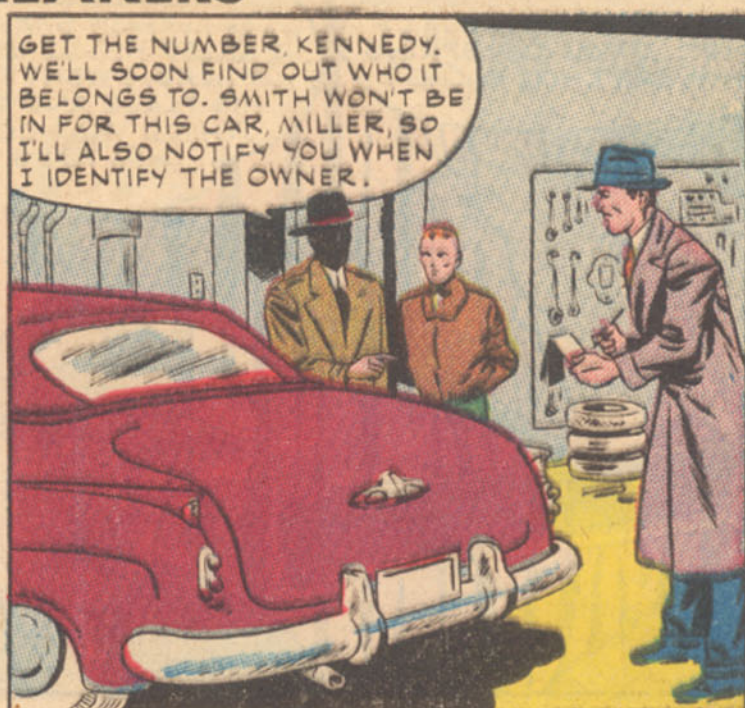
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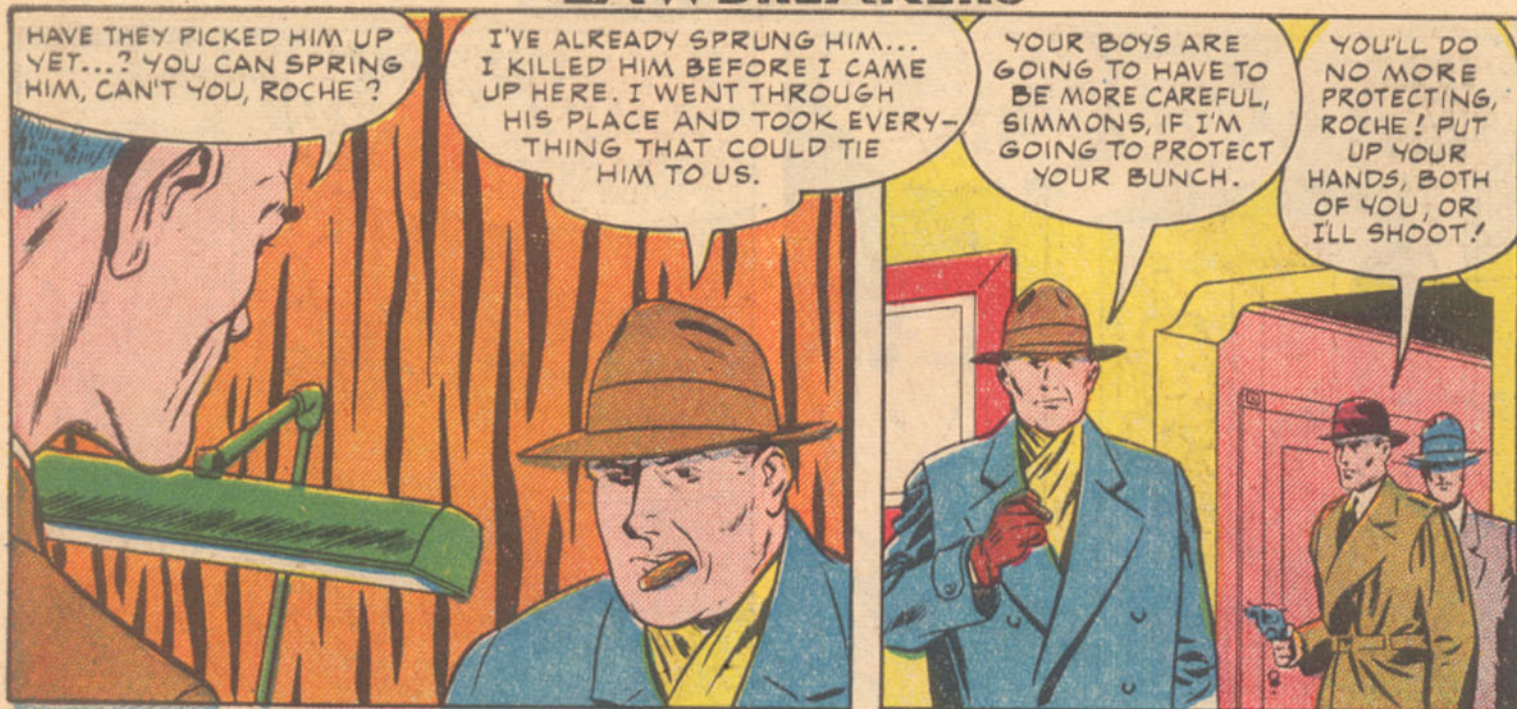
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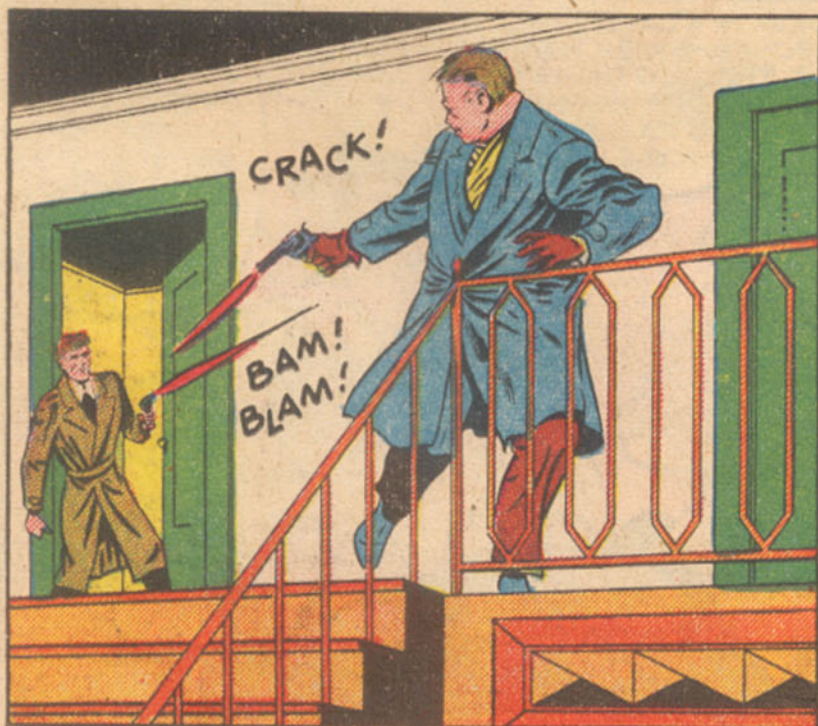
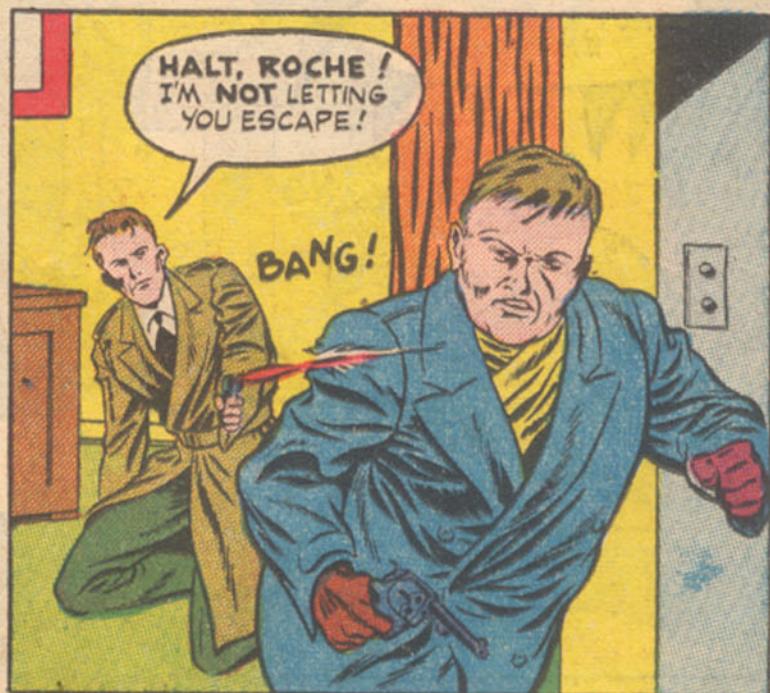
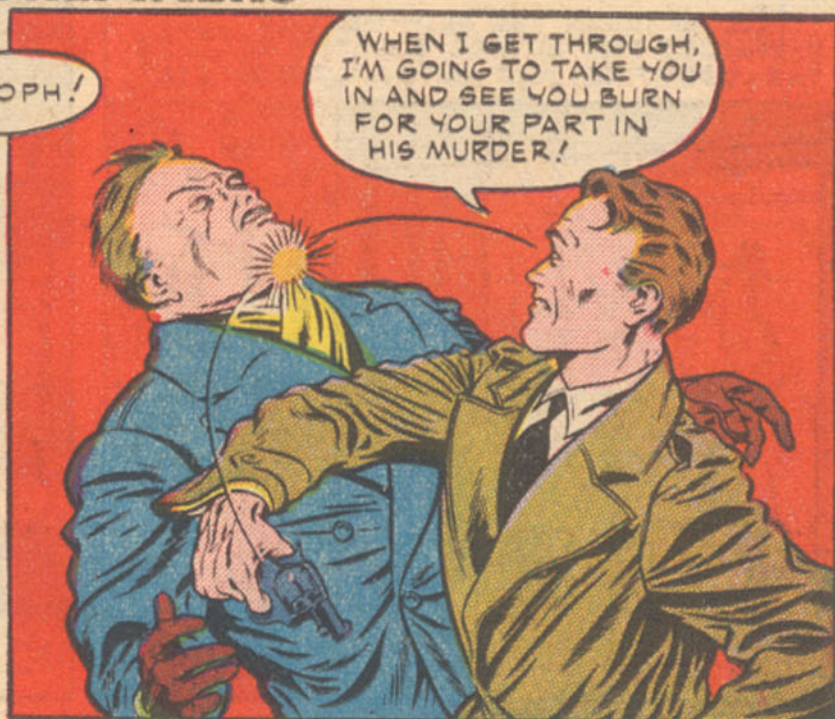
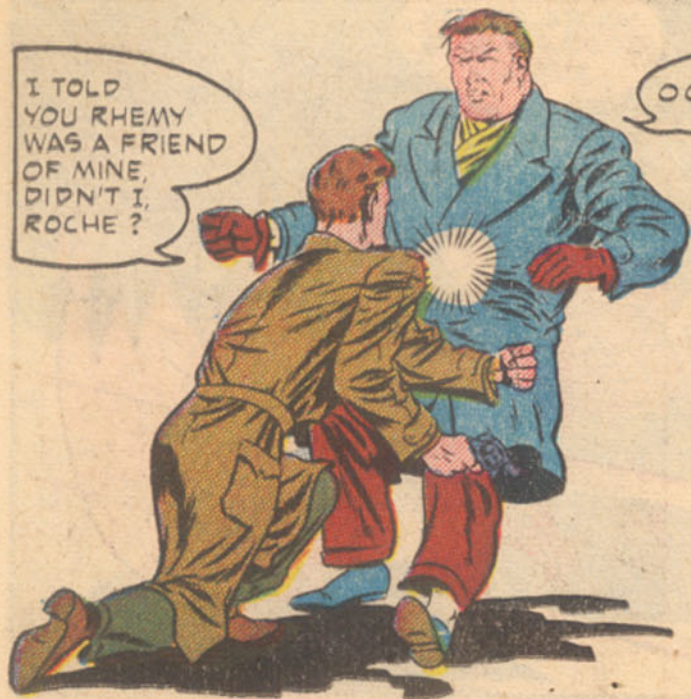
LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

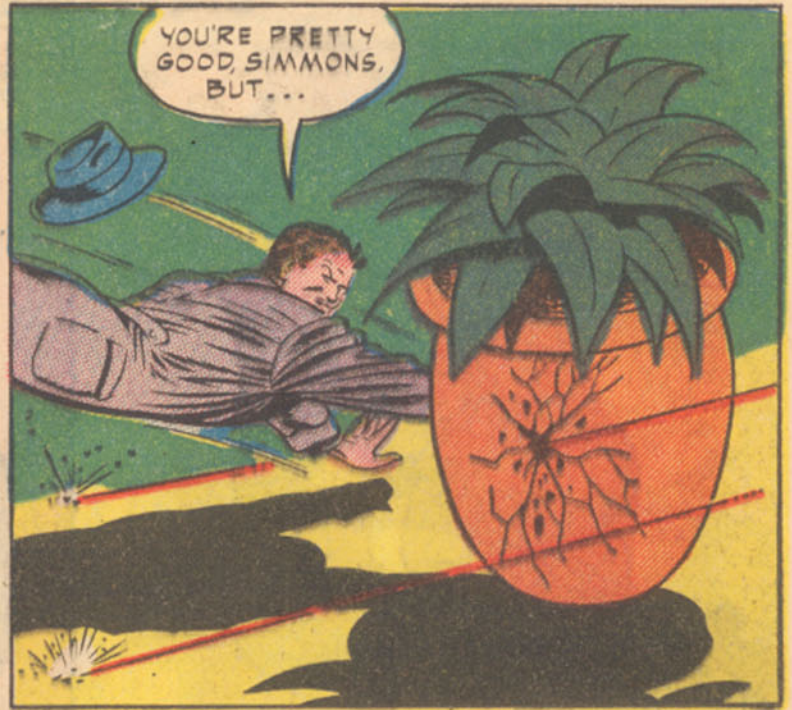


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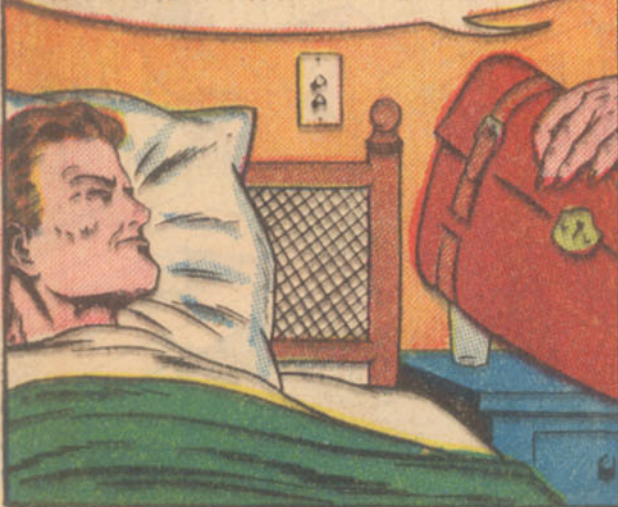


LAWBREAKERS

HAVING TAKEN TWO SELF-SERVICE ELEVATORS DOWNSTAIRS, SIMMONS REACHES THE LOBBY FIRST AND WAITS FOR THE OFFICER...



I'VE GOT THEIR RECORDS AND LISTS OF NAMES HERE, SERGEANT. THERE WAS ENOUGH STUFF IN SIMMONS' PLACE TO IDENTIFY - AND CONVICT - THEIR WHOLE GANG. THE TWO BIG FISH ARE DEAD, BUT WE'LL TAKE ALL THE SMALL FRY IN BY MORNING. HOW ARE YOU FEELING?



BE OKAY IN A DAY OR TWO. BULLET MISSED THE BONES. I WISH WE HAD TAKEN ROCHE ALIVE, THOUGH. THERE AREN'T MANY CROOKED COPS AROUND, BUT HE WAS IN THE RACKETS UP TO HIS EARS.



THE END

LAWBREAKERS

PRISON BREAK



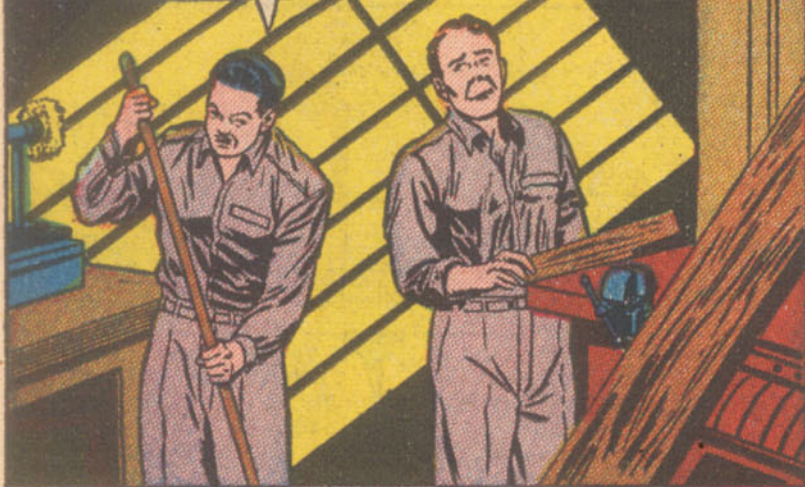
IM RABE, JOHN CARLIN, AND LOU GARAL HAD PLANNED THIS PRISON BREAK FOR MONTHS. THEY FIGURED ON EVERYTHING BUT A CLEVER WARDEN WHO COULD LOOK AHEAD AND KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN TROUBLE BROKE OUT.

LAWBREAKERS

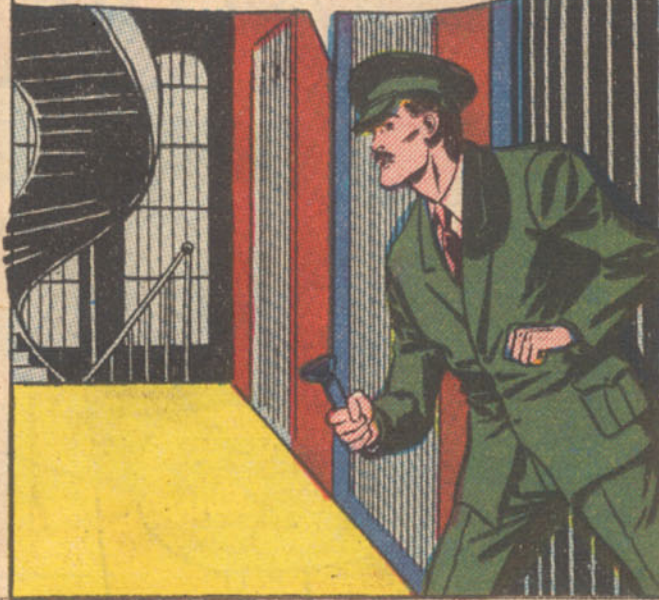
JOHN GARLIN, A LIFER WAS IN ON THE PROPOSED BREAK....

LISTEN YOU, EVERYTHING IS READY. LOU IS COMING WITH US THURSDAY NIGHT BETWEEN TEN-THIRTY AND ELEVEN.

JIM, I JUST HOPE THAT GUN OF YOURS LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING.



HELP ME I I'M SICK I I'M DYING I WHERE IS THE GUARD ? I NEED A DOCTOR ! HELP ME ! GUARD ! WHERE ARE YOU ?



SHUT UP, YOU ! YOU'LL START TROUBLE WITH ALL THIS YELLING. IF YOU'RE SICK, I'LL GET A DOCTOR.

MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE IT'S BURSTING ! GET SOME HELP. I THINK I'M DYING.



SHUT UP ! SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS, MAYBE YOU JUST GOT AN OLD FASHIONED STOMACH ACHE, YOU ATE TOO MUCH FOR SUPPER.

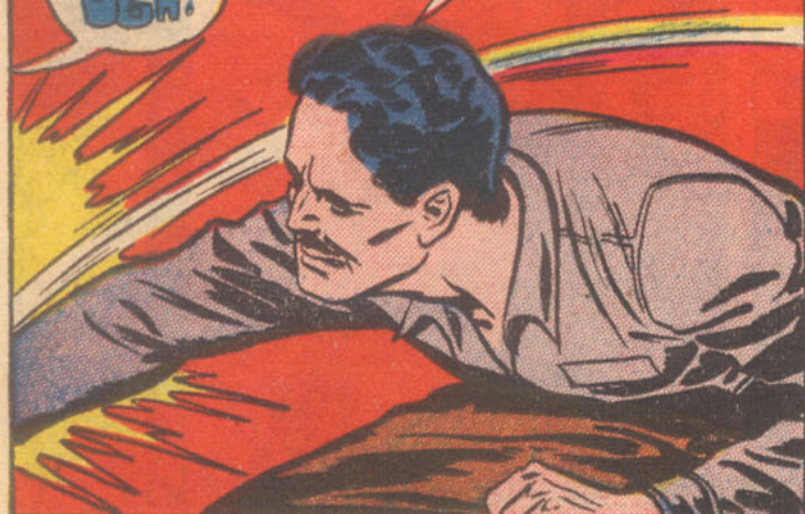
I CAN'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER HELP ME



YOU'RE NOT SICK, YOU

UGH !

SUCKER ! YOU FELL FOR IT, NOW YOU CAN SLEEP IT OFF ! BOY, YOU JUST WALKED INTO THIS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A KID



THE FIRST STEP IN THE PLAN WAS SUCCESSFUL.

THIS UNIFORM FITS ME SWELL AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ? HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME.



LAWBREAKERS



HELLO, JOE! DON'T FORGET THAT DATE FOR TOMORROW. GOT TWO NICE DAMES FOR US. AND FRANK IS LENDING US HIS CAR.

I BETTER JUST SHAKE MY HEAD AND KEEP ON MY WAY. IF HE STOPS ME I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM THE WORKS.



WHAT TOOK SO LONG? I THOUGHT YOU GOT CHICKEN-HEARTED AT THE LAST MINUTE. OPEN THIS DOOR!

HAD A CLOSE SHAVE! JUST PASSED ANOTHER GUARD..BUT HE WAS IN A HURRY AND DIDN'T STOP....



YOU GOT THE GUARD'S UNIFORM, JOHN, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO HANDLE THE GUY IN THE ARMORY

ONCE WE GET OUR HANDS ON SOME REAL ARTILLERY, WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY.



WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M NOT DUE FOR RELIEF UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

THE WARDEN WANTS YOU IN HIS OFFICE AT ONCE. MUST BE IMPORTANT!



O.K. I'LL BE ON MY WAY.... SAY, YOU'RE N-NOT.. A... GUARD....

SHUT UP AND STEP INSIDE OR YOU'LL GET A DOSE OF LEAD! STEP INSIDE!



SO FAR THE PLAN WAS WORKING LIKE CLOCKWORK.

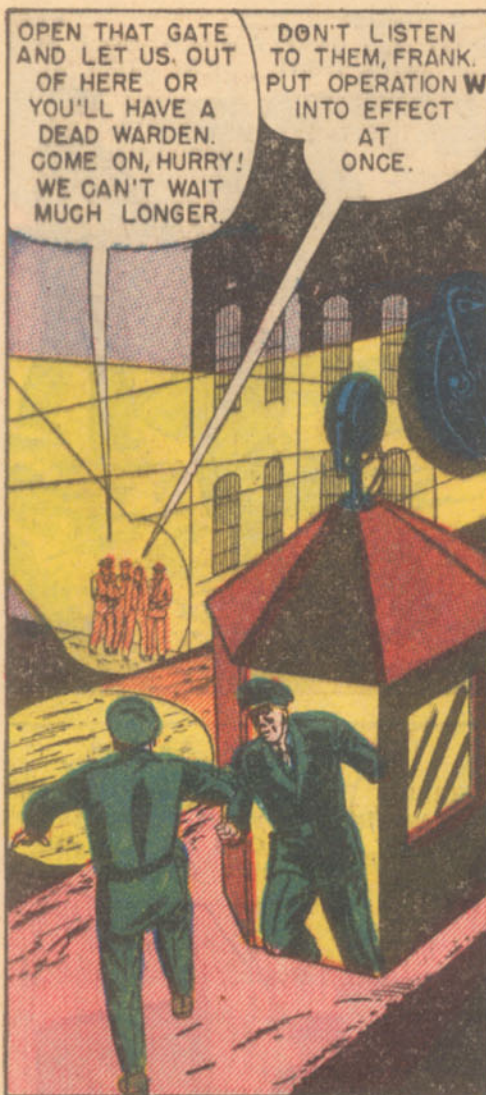
NOW, WE BOTH HAVE GUARD SUITS. WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP?

LET'S PUT THEM TO SLEEP FIRST....THEN WE'LL GET THE ARTILLERY AND HEAD FOR THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.

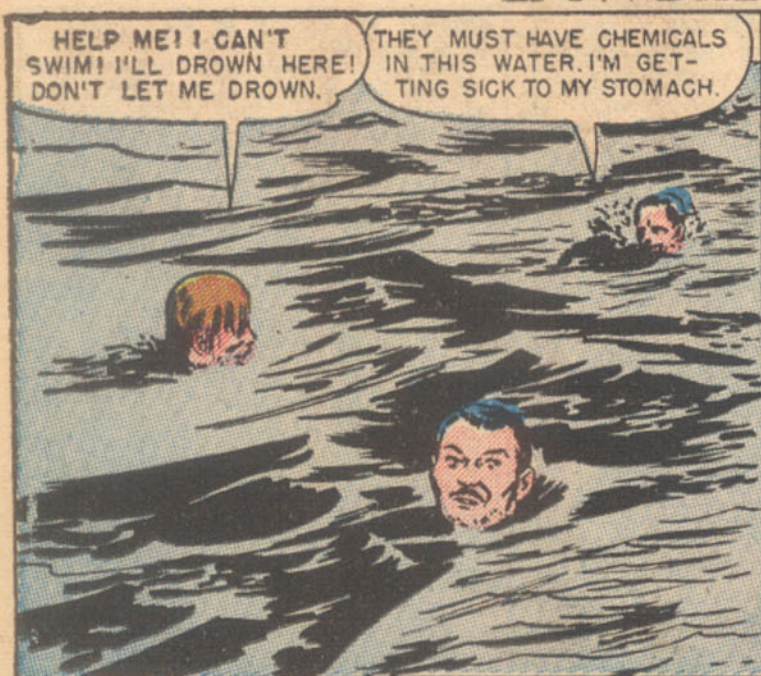
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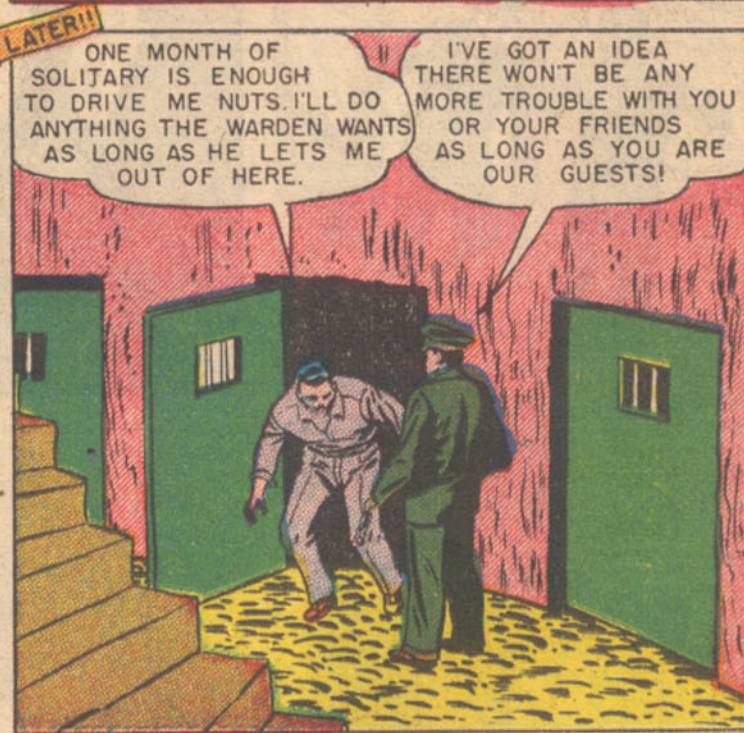
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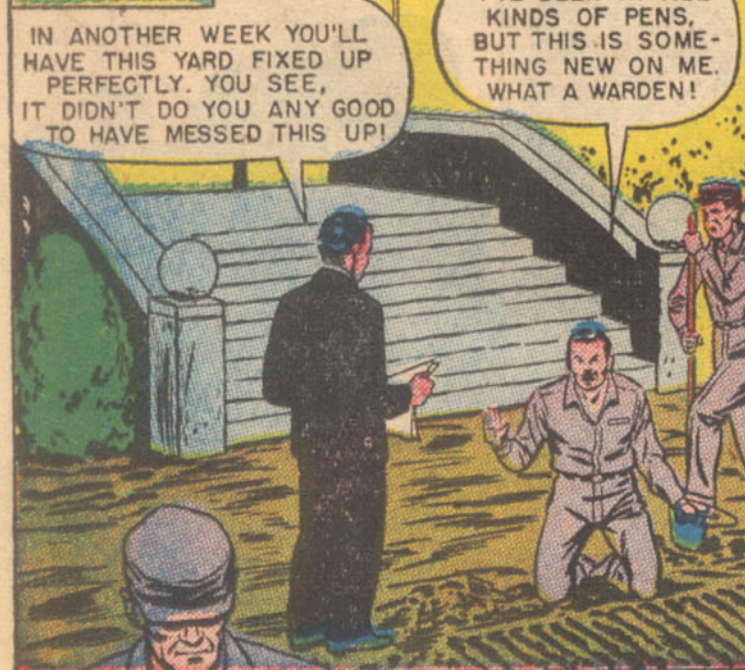
LAWBREAKERS



THE ESCAPE WAS SMASHED WITHOUT LOSS OF LIFE.

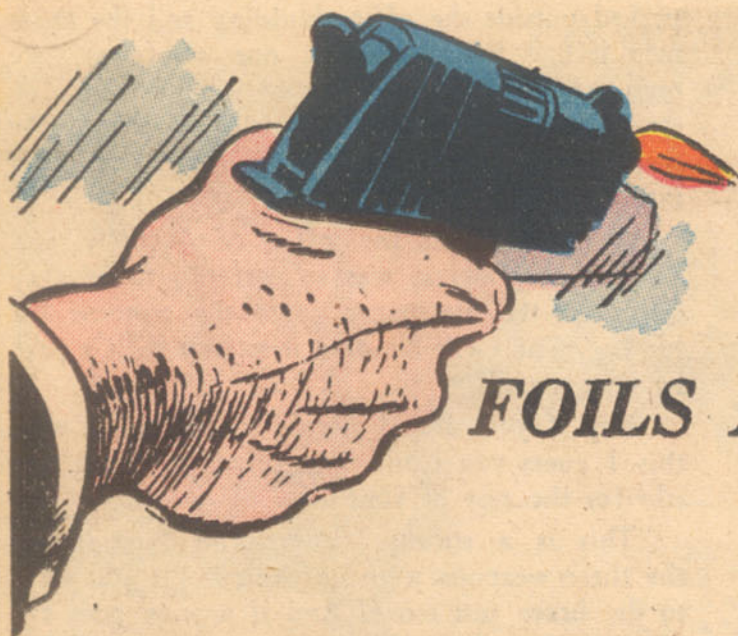


MUCH LATER



THE THREE SERVED OUT THEIR SENTENCES WITHOUT EVER CAUSING ANY TROUBLE IN THE PRISON AGAIN.





DEATH

FOILS A DOUBLE-CROSS

Jack Baller was impatient as he sat at a table in Mike's diner on highway 23a. The thin tall gangster hated to be kept waiting especially when money was the objective. Then his keen ears heard a horn blow two blasts, pause momentarily, and then repeat the signal. He paid his check and left the diner. On the opposite side of the road a blue sedan was parked. The door swung open and a friendly voice called to him.

"Hop in Jack. The sooner we get started the better. Sorry for the delay. A trucker ran into a delivery wagon at the crossing and we were held up for fifteen minutes."

Jack said nothing in reply to his friend Oscar Rees. He noticed the third man in the car. A middle aged slightly balding man who looked the picture of respectability. Jack needed no introduction to realize he was looking at Herbert J. Krandy one of the best brains in the business when it came to figuring out a hold up. Jack sat next to Krandy in the back of the car while his friend remained at the wheel.

"Am I correct in assuming you know all the details of our little business proposition," asked Krandy as though he were merely inquiring as to prices and terms of a legitimate deal.

"You can count me in on this deal provided you give me one thousand dollars now. My brother is serving a ten to twenty year stretch in the pen. He comes up next month for a hearing before the board. I can hire a good mouth-piece, to help my kid brother. Want to see the clipping?"

Krandly shook his head in the negative. He placed his hand inside his coat pocket and it came out with a thick wallet. He opened it and handed Jack Baller ten one hundred dollar bills.

"It makes me feel a lot safer on a job like the one I contemplate to know I have two good trigger men with me. We will drive to my summer place and I will show you the detailed plans."

Two hours later three men were carefully examining a floor plan of the large office of Whitely and Benson, security dealers. As though he were an architect, Jack Baller minutely scrutinized every mark on that sheet of paper.

"Three of us ought to be able to handle this deal," he commented. "But it means we can't wear masks. We have to mingle with the people and then go for that security and cash bag. Within a few hours they will have our mugs on every wanted notice in the country. It means farewell to this place for keeps."

Krandly had the answer ready on the tip of his tongue for that observation. He had planned a long time for this biggest deal of his entire crooked career.

"The unregistered certificates and the cash will amount to about one hundred thousand dollars for each of us. Outside of town I have my plane. We are headed for a certain country where there is no extradition treaty. And we can live like kings down there with plenty of pretty señoritas to keep us company. There can be no slip up on this deal. We will need two cars. One for the getaway and the other to change into once we are headed towards the air-field. Tomorrow you and Oscar are going to pay a visit to the office of Whitely and Benson so as to get an exact visual picture of the layout."

The young man at the reception desk might have been about twenty three. His wavy brown hair and black eyes gave him a very friendly appearance especially when he smiled. The metal marker on the desk read: "Howard T. Pease"

He had been at work only a week and the payroll listed him as a receptionist. He arose from his desk as Jack and Oscar entered the large office.

"Is there any thing I can do for you gentlemen," he asked in his best college voice.

"Yes," snapped back Jack who had been carefully coached as to what he was to reply. "I want to get one of those books you issue for small investors."

Hoard Pease led the two men across the room to a cage. The man behind the cage then handed Jack the book he wanted. Howard Pease returned to his desk. Jack and Oscar quickly took in every detail of the office. Krandly had done a perfect job with that paper survey.

"This will be a cinch," whispered Jack to his buddy. "They got one armed guard by that water cooler. If he makes a break for his gun then we got to start shooting. And Heaven help anyone who wants to get in our way and act the hero part."

Krandly was listening to some operatic records when his two partners entered the large living room of his summer place. He placed his finger on his lips and they had to wait until the song was finished.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I assume you have made the visit. Now let us go out to my backyard and target range. I have been very fortunate in being able to buy three automatic machine gun pistols. It is necessary that you each familiarize yourself with the mechanism of this type of gun. Never shoot unless you must and then be certain to kill your human target. Otherwise if he be armed then you may end up in the morgue."

For the next two days Jack and Oscar engaged in target practice. It was evident that Krandly was satisfied with their progress for he continued to listen to his records and the shooting in no way bothered him. But there was something on Jack's mind and he spilled it to his buddy.

"There is no reason why this had to be a three way split. What Krandly doesn't know is that I can pilot a plane. When we get up into the air I think we can land with only the two of us at our destination."

And as Krandly listened to the recording of *La Boheme* he was mentally figuring out how he could eliminate his two partners in crime. Then he could have a plastic surgery job done on his face and return to the States.

The big moment had arrived. The car was

parked outside the office building and the three men left it there with but one glance as they each carried a leather briefcase. The case was so constructed that it would open sideways and the machine gun pistol it concealed could be swung into deadly action.

As they entered the office of Whitely and Benson their arrival was so perfectly timed they could see the messenger go to the window for his bag. The clerk handled it to him with a joke he always used.

"Boy if you should decide to run away with this I guess you could live on some South Sea isle for the rest of your life."

"This is a stickup," announced Krandly as the three weapons were uncovered. "If you want to die brave just move. And if anyone goes for that burglar alarm I'll spray everyone in here with lead."

The guard went for the gun in his holster and Jack swung around to riddle him with lead. There were five shots and no more. Oscar and Krandly went down in a heap and were dead before they struck the floor. They never knew what hit them. Jack had two bullets in him and twenty minutes later he was being rushed to the Mercy Hospital for an emergency operation.

Dr. Herman Randoper had tried his best to save the patient. He raised five fingers so that Captain LeRoy of Homicide would know that was how many minutes more the man had to live.

"Can you hear me?" asked the officer, "Do you want to tell me anything before you die?"

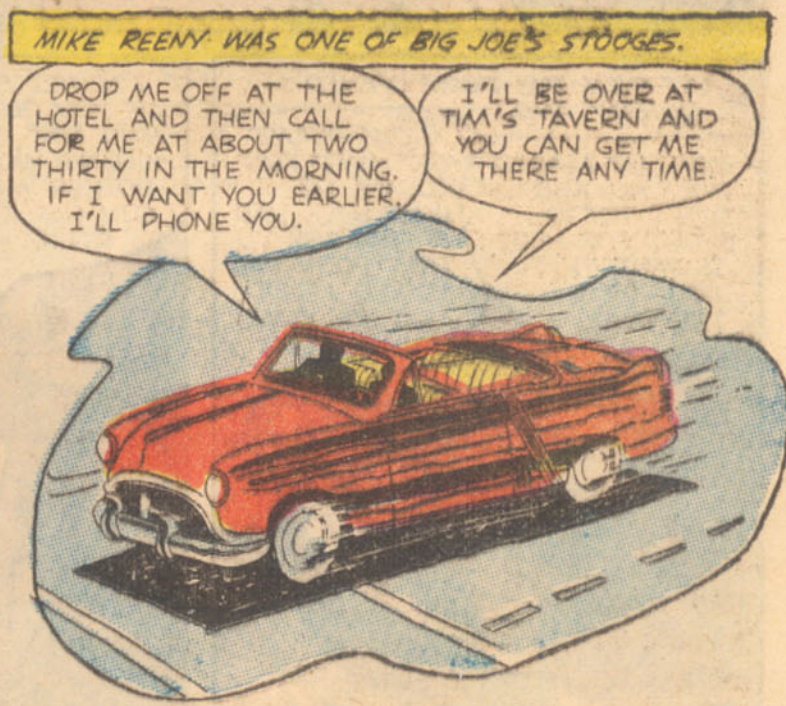
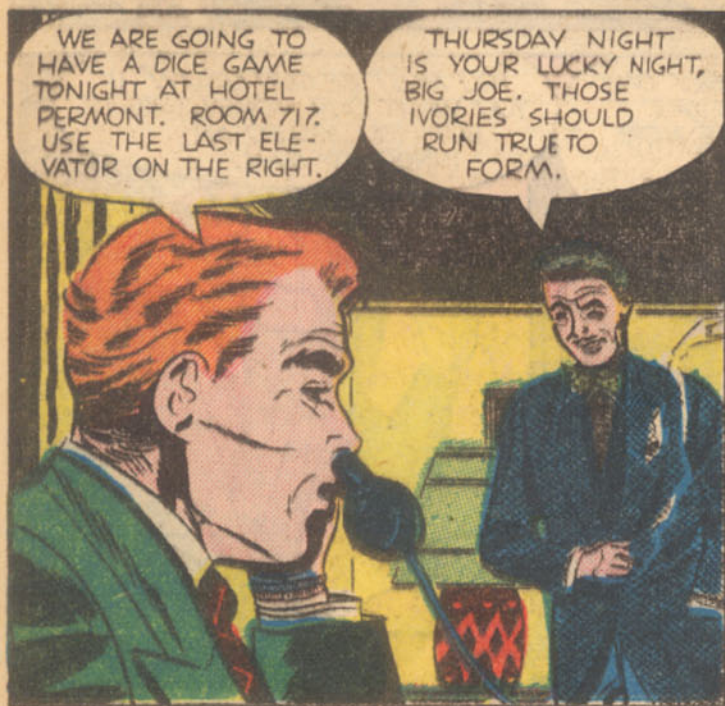
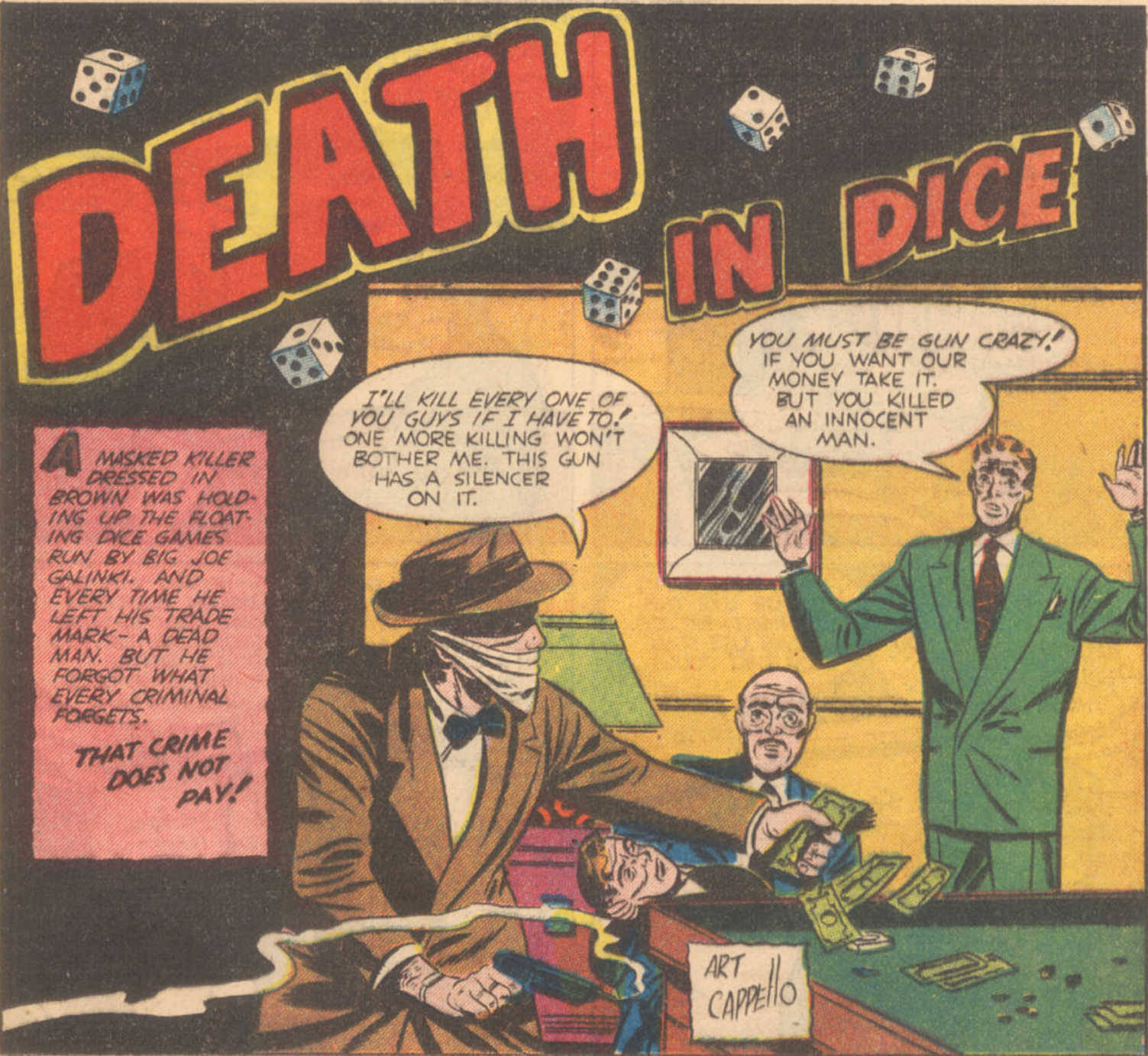
There was a shudder on the bed and Jack went to join his other two friends in the Great Unknown.

"Queerest case I have seen in my entire career on the force," commented Captain LeRoy. "We found a clipping in Baller's wallet. About his younger brother who was coming up for his parole. But it is evident that he never read what was on the other side of the clipping. So you can look at it, Doc, and turn over to Death."

Grimly the surgeon took the clipping, noticed what was said about the parole and then turned over and read aloud the following:

"Howard T. Pease joins Investment Company. Crack pistol shot had no comment when asked if he will carry his two famous .38 specials. Although he has heretofore used his marksmanship exclusively in sport, it is considered likely that he will keep them handy in view of the large sums of cash and securities handled by the firm."

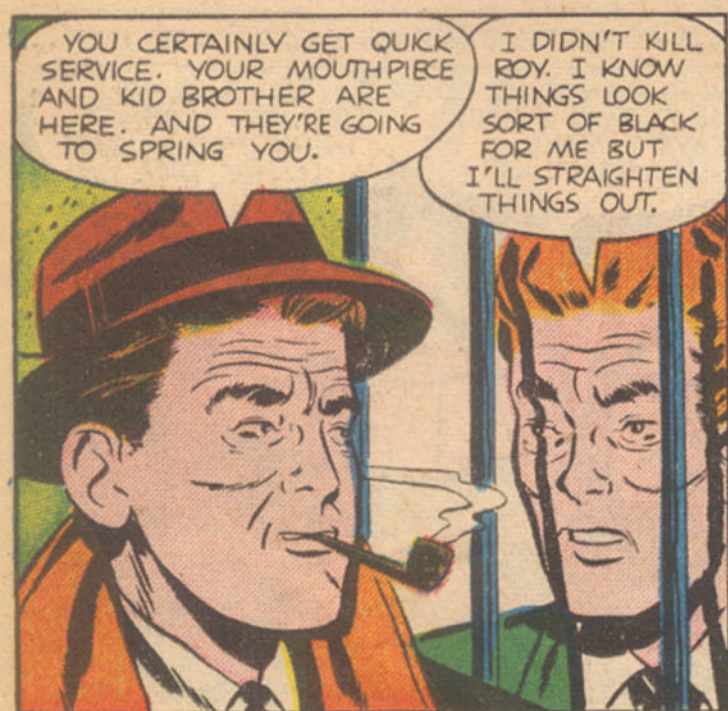
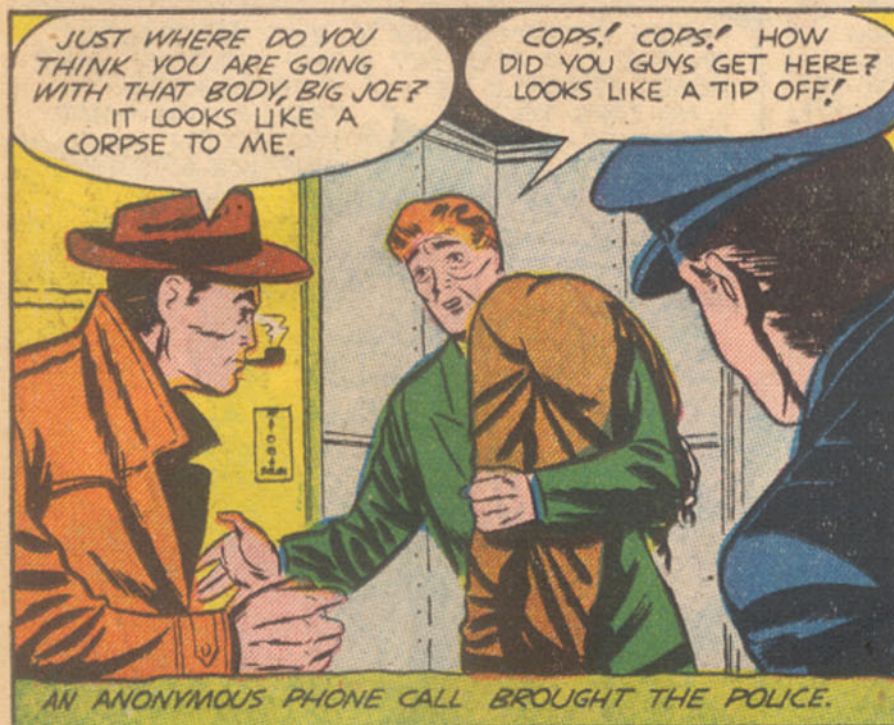
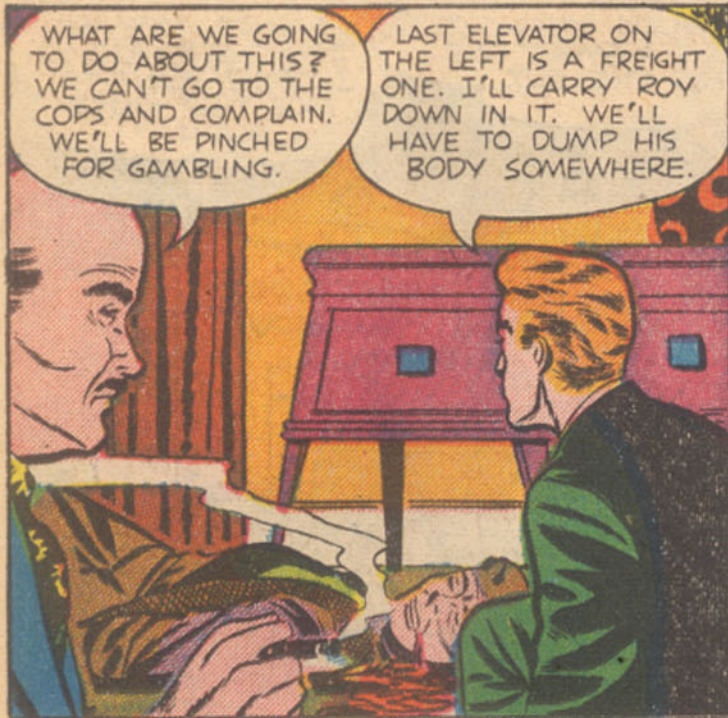
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LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



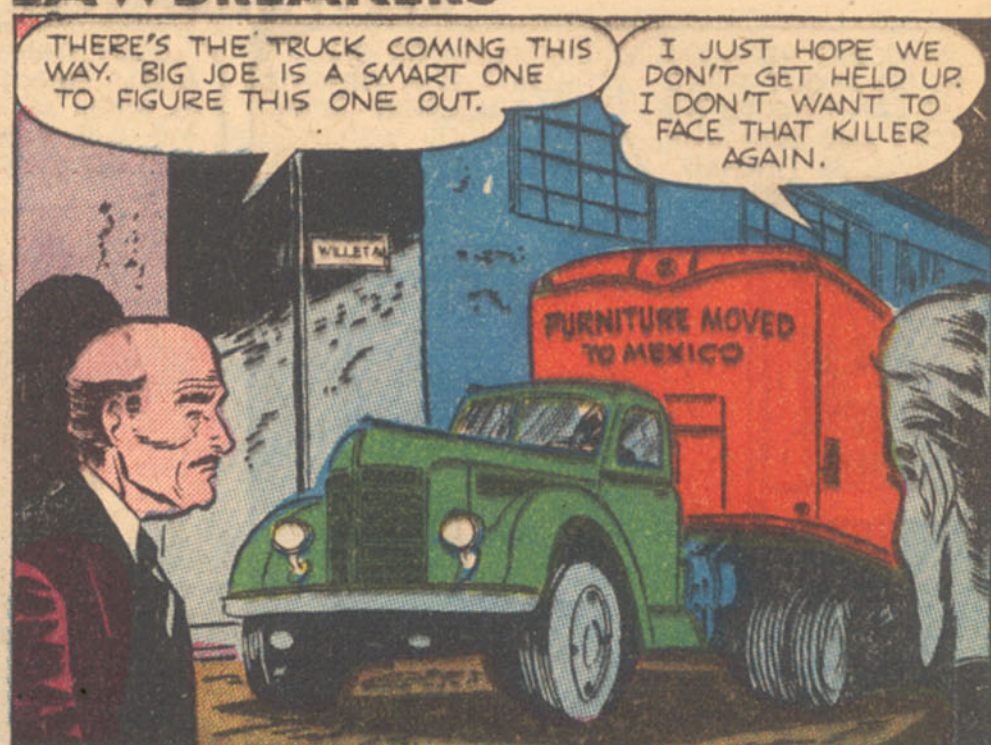
LAWBREAKERS



WE'RE GOING TO RUN OUR NEXT GAME IN A BIG TRUCK. WAIT ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF WILTON STREET UNTIL YOU SEE A TRUCK MARKED "FURNITURE MOVED TO MEXICO."

I'M GOING OVER TO THE GARAGE. TELL TOM TO GET THE TRUCK ROLING.

BIG JOE FIGURED OUT A CLEVER PLACE FOR HIS NEXT DICE GAME.



THERE'S THE TRUCK COMING THIS WAY. BIG JOE IS A SMART ONE TO FIGURE THIS ONE OUT.

I JUST HOPE WE DON'T GET HELD UP. I DON'T WANT TO FACE THAT KILLER AGAIN.



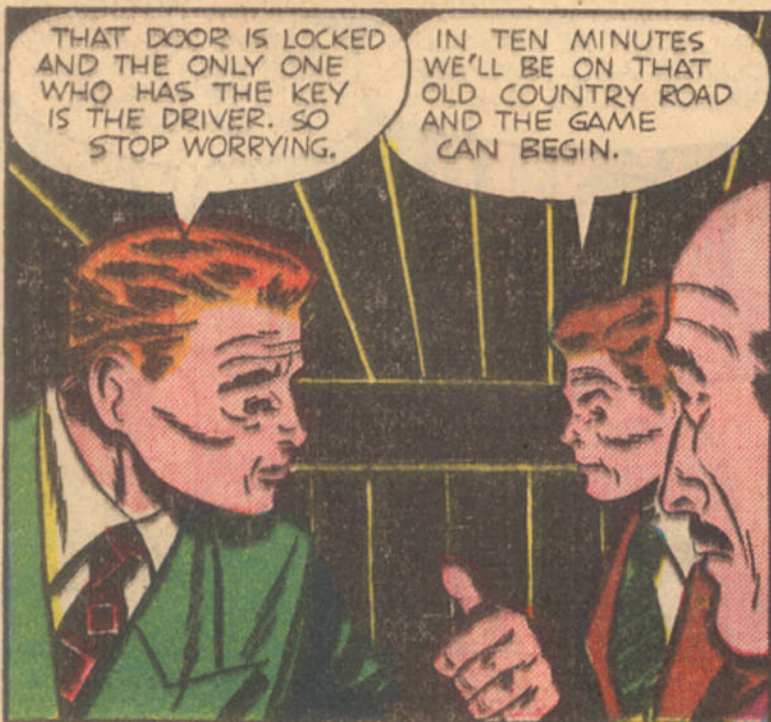
COME ON YOU FELLOWS, HOP INTO THE TRUCK. WE'RE ALL SET FOR A BIG GAME.

WELL, WELL, BIG JOE IS BREAKING IN HIS KID BROTHER! HOW ARE YOU, FRED?



WE'RE GOING TO PARK ON THE OLD COUNTRY ROAD. THERE'LL BE NO COPS TO BOTHER US.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HOLD UP MAN? SUPPOSE HE'S TRAILING US? WHAT PROTECTION HAVE WE AGAINST THAT GUY?



THAT DOOR IS LOCKED AND THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS THE KEY IS THE DRIVER. SO STOP WORRYING.

IN TEN MINUTES WE'LL BE ON THAT OLD COUNTRY ROAD AND THE GAME CAN BEGIN.

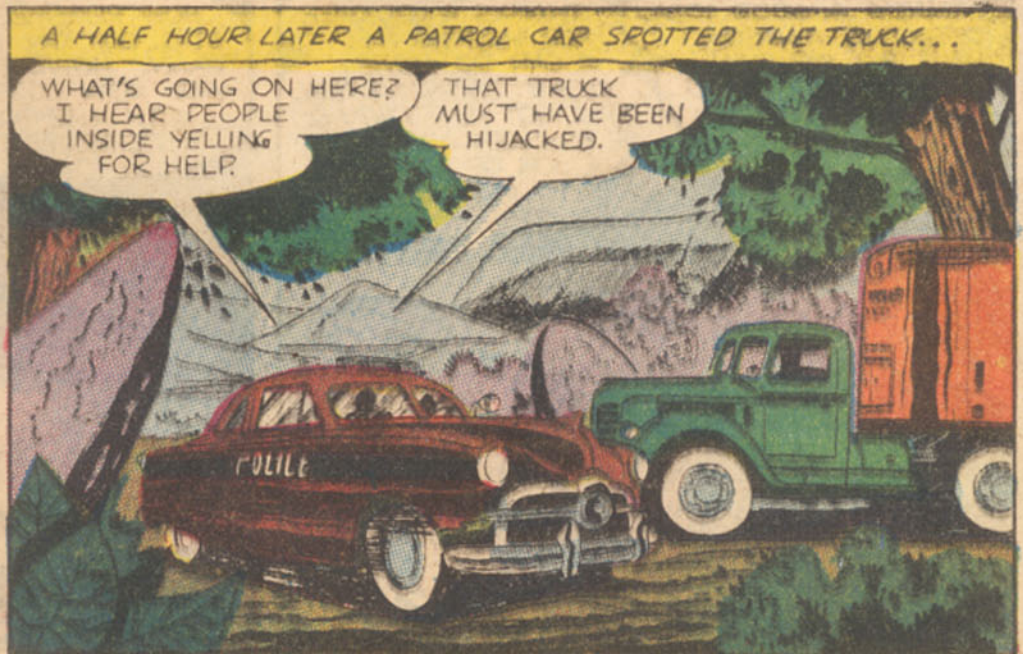
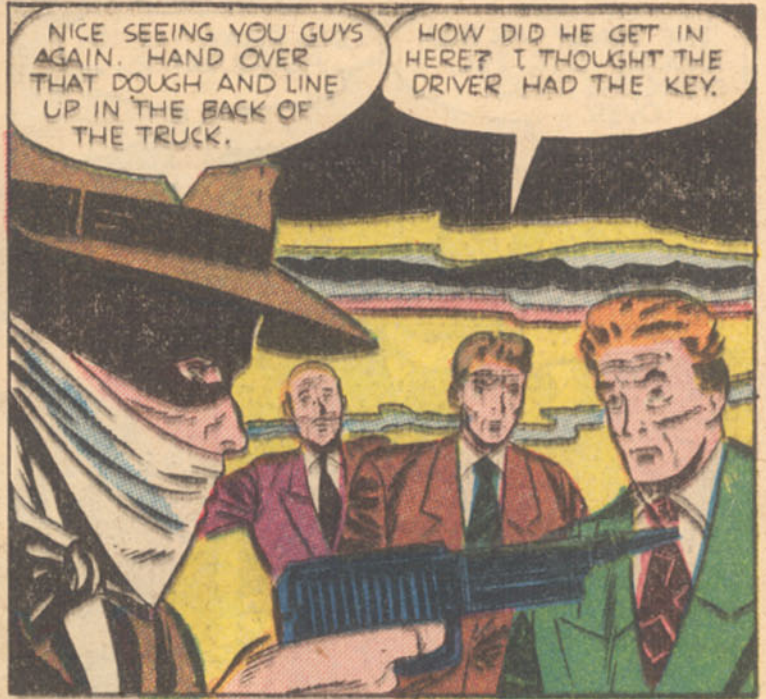


AND AS ANOTHER BIG GAME GOT UNDER WAY...

WHO WANTS TO COVER ME? TWO GRAND SAYS I MAKE MY POINT.

I'LL COVER YOU, BIG JOE. I DON'T THINK THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY.

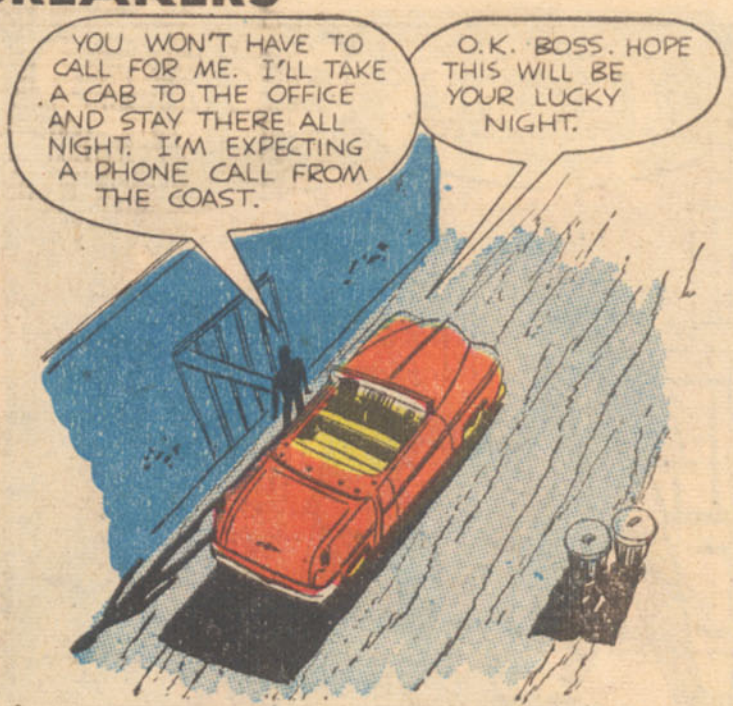
LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

INSURED FOR MURDER

WE HAVE ONLY FOUR MINUTES TO GET OUT OF HERE. REMEMBER EVERYTHING I'VE TOLD YOU. THAT MAN ON THE FLOOR IS ME!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, JOHN. I'LL REMEMBER EVERYTHING. START FOR THE SUMMER HOUSE AND STAY THERE. I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER. I HAVE THE INSURANCE POLICIES.



JOHAN BROUGH NEEDED MONEY DESPERATELY. HE AND HIS WIFE, RITA, PLANNED WHAT LOOKED LIKE A PERFECT CRIME OF MURDER AND ARSON. THEY WERE CLEVER BUT THEY DIDN'T FIGURE THE LAW WAS CLEVER, TOO!

JOHAN BROUGH WAS RUNNING OUT OF EXCUSES...

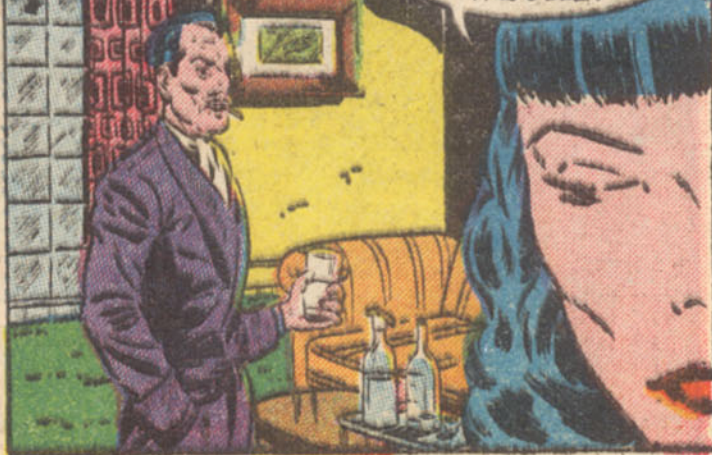
UNLESS YOU PAY THIS BILL BY NEXT WEEK, I WILL ADVISE MY ATTORNEY TO START PROCEEDINGS TO HAVE YOU DECLARED BANKRUPT.

I EXPECT A LARGE SUM OF MONEY TO ARRIVE FROM ABROAD. I HAVE JUST SOLD THE RIGHTS TO MY CHEMICAL CLEANER. YOU WILL BE PAID WITHIN A WEEK.

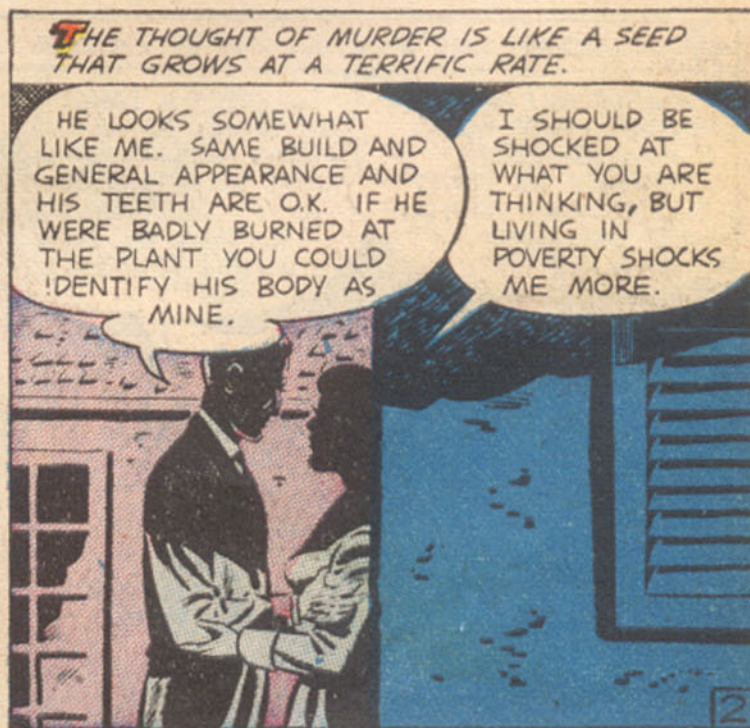
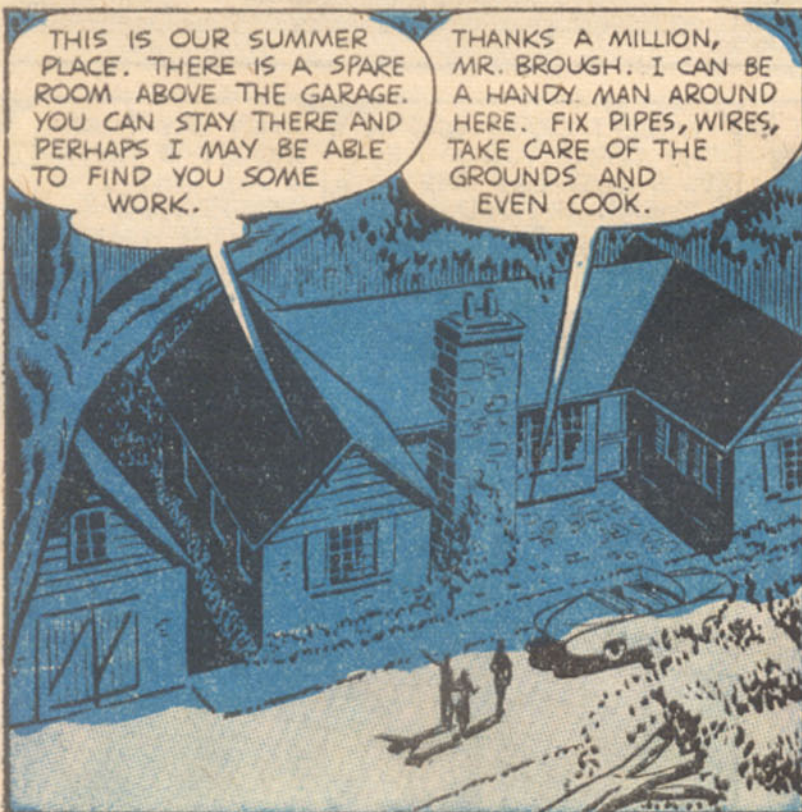
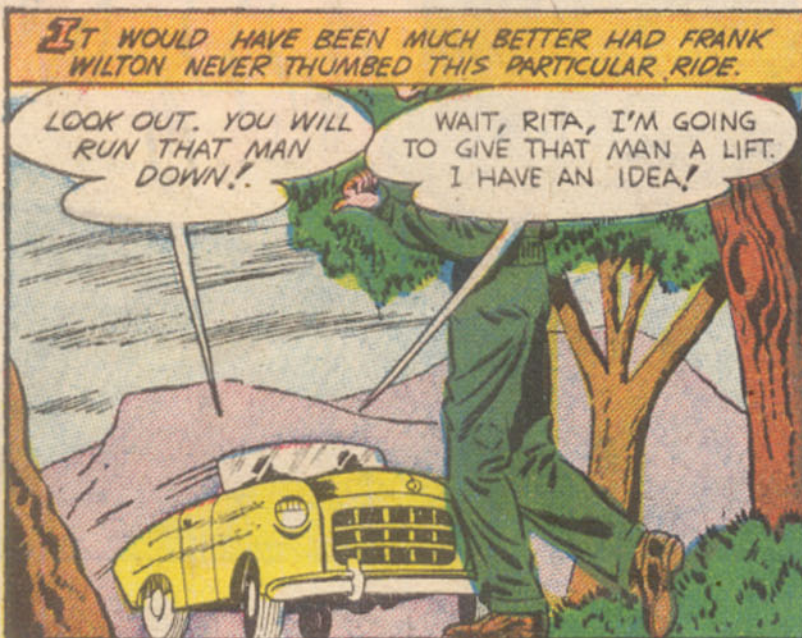
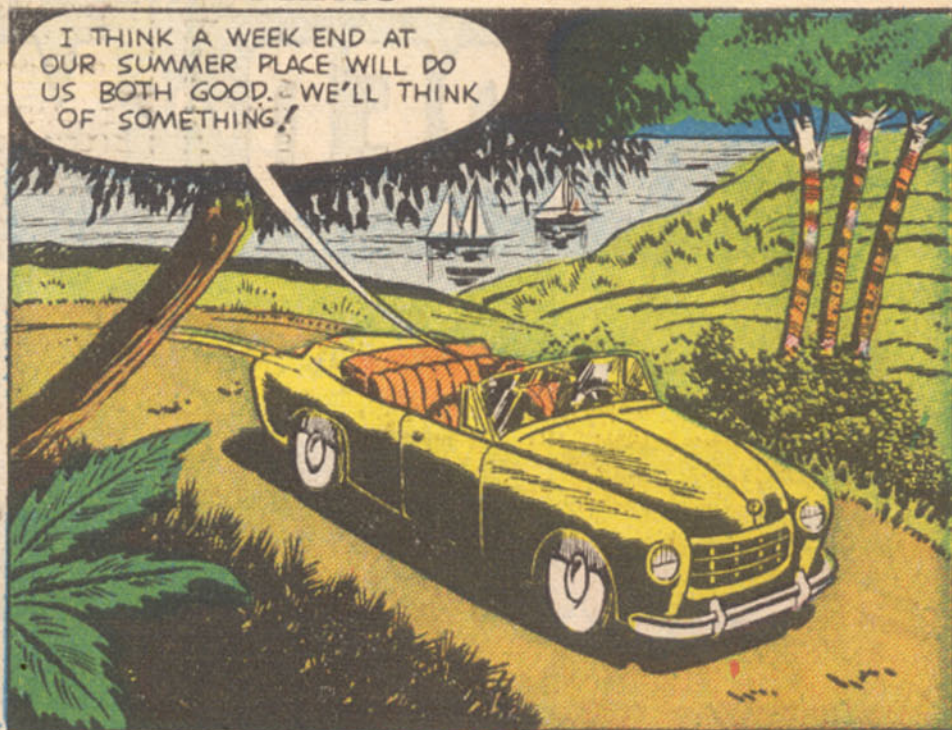


WILBERT CRASS WAS IN THE OFFICE TODAY. HE WAS JUST LIKE THE OTHERS. WANTED HIS MONEY. WE'RE BROKE. WHAT CAN WE DO?

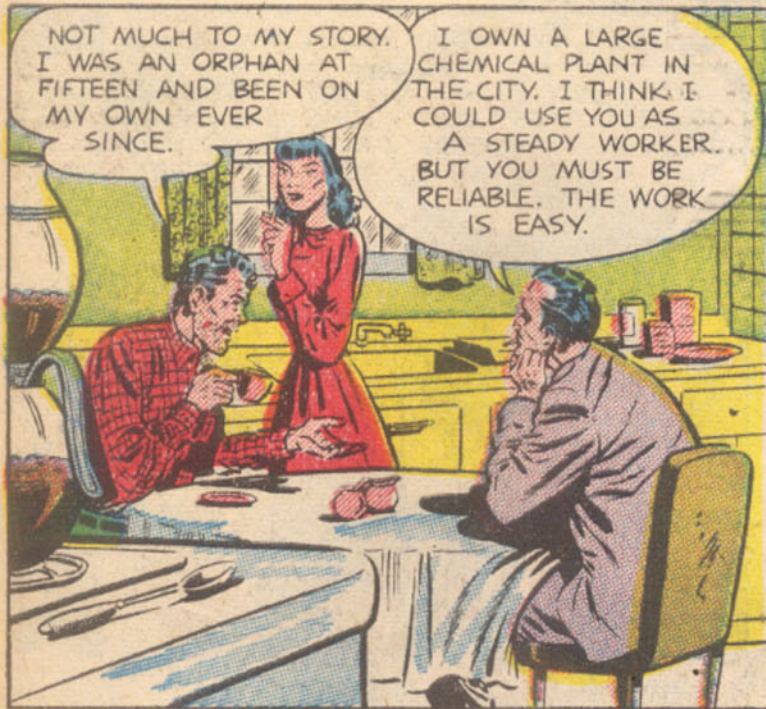
THEY SAY THAT MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL. I DISAGREE. SEEMS THAT THE LACK OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL OUR TROUBLE.



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

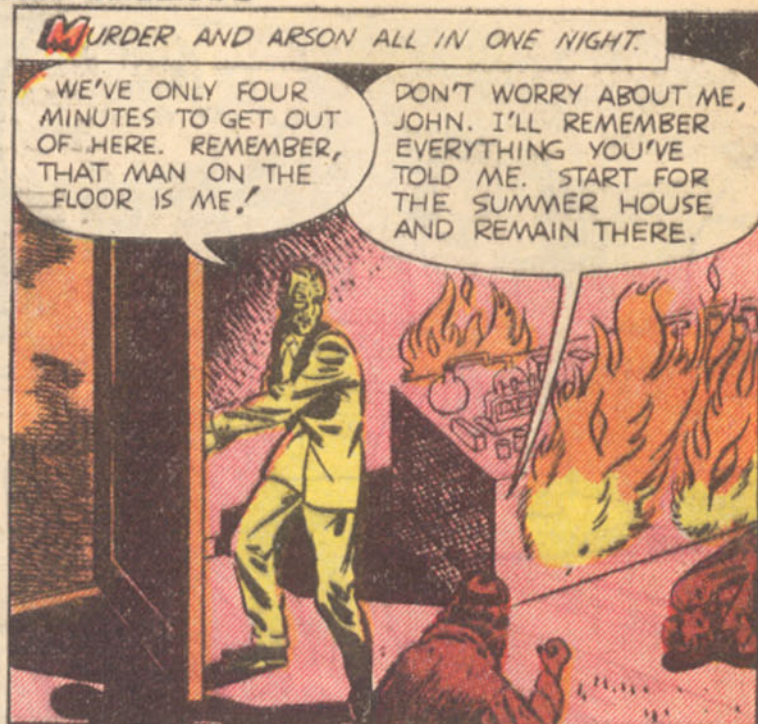


LAWBREAKERS



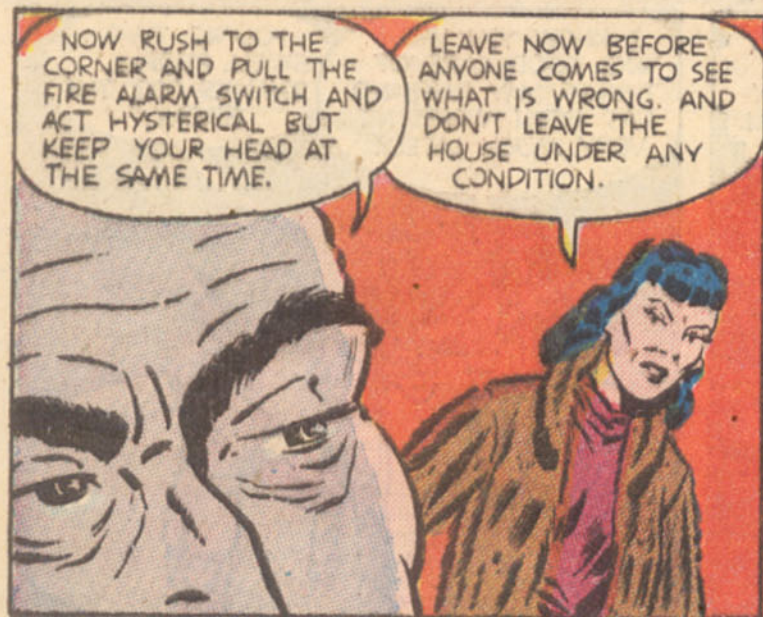
GOSH, THAT TOOTH BROKE. BUT LUCKILY, IT BROKE CLOSE TO THE BONE. I'LL LEAVE THE REST OF IT IN THERE!

THE SOONER WE GET OUT OF HERE THE BETTER. I DON'T THINK I HAVE MURDER IN MY MAKE UP!



MURDER AND ARSON ALL IN ONE NIGHT.
WE'VE ONLY FOUR MINUTES TO GET OUT OF HERE. REMEMBER, THAT MAN ON THE FLOOR IS ME!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, JOHN. I'LL REMEMBER EVERYTHING YOU'VE TOLD ME. START FOR THE SUMMER HOUSE AND REMAIN THERE.



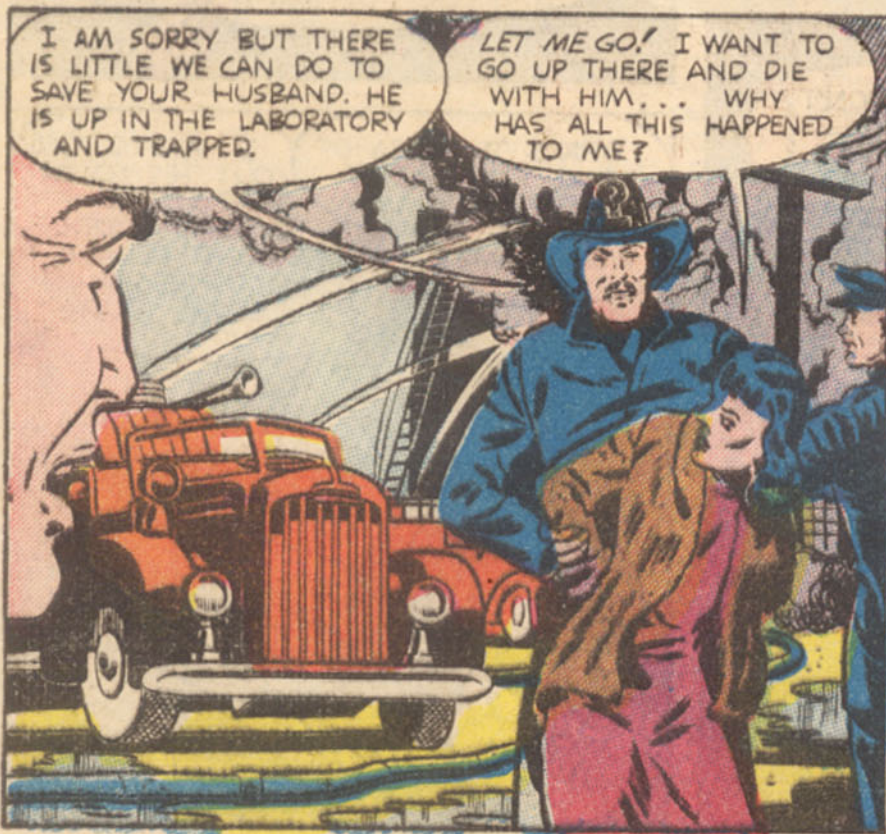
NOW RUSH TO THE CORNER AND PULL THE FIRE ALARM SWITCH AND ACT HYSTERICAL BUT KEEP YOUR HEAD AT THE SAME TIME.

LEAVE NOW BEFORE ANYONE COMES TO SEE WHAT IS WRONG. AND DON'T LEAVE THE HOUSE UNDER ANY CONDITION.



THAT WOMAN LOOKS HYSTERICAL. I AM GOING OVER TO HER. YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE BOYS.

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME. I WANT TO DIE WITH HIM! I WANT TO DIE WITH HIM!



I AM SORRY BUT THERE IS LITTLE WE CAN DO TO SAVE YOUR HUSBAND. HE IS UP IN THE LABORATORY AND TRAPPED.

LET ME GO! I WANT TO GO UP THERE AND DIE WITH HIM... WHY HAS ALL THIS HAPPENED TO ME?



EARLY IN THE MORNING, RITA IDENTIFIES THE BODY...

WHY DID YOU MAKE ME LOOK AT HIM? OF COURSE IT IS MY HUSBAND. I SHALL NEVER GET THE SIGHT OF HIS BODY OUT OF MY MIND.

SORRY, MRS. BROUGH, BUT THERE IS ALWAYS THE POSSIBILITY OF A MISTAKE.

LAWBREAKERS

FIRE MARSHALL JIM LIPTON AND INSURANCE ADJUSTOR RALPH GORMAN WEREN'T EXACTLY AMATEURS IN THIS GAME.

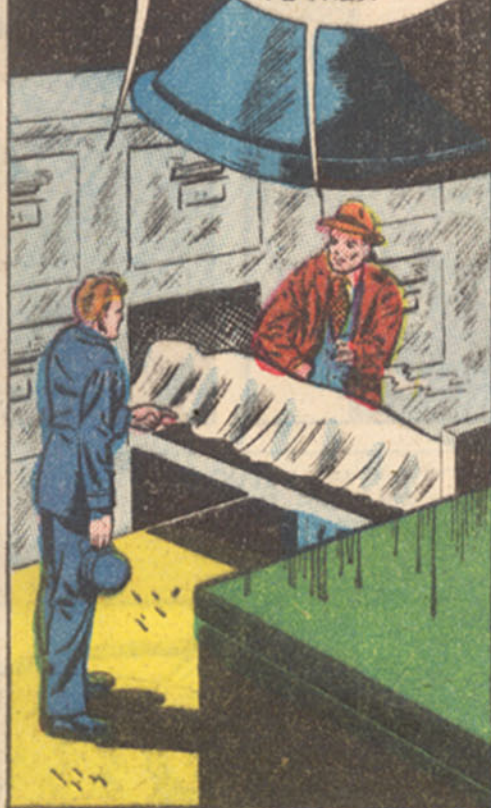
IT WAS A CHEMICAL PLANT, SO OF COURSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT.

WE KNOW THAT JOHN BROUGH WAS HARD UP FOR CASH. HIS PLANT AS WELL AS HIS LIFE WERE BOTH HEAVILY INSURED. WE'LL HAVE TO DOUBLE CHECK THE BODY.



YOU CAN'T TAKE FINGER-PRINTS BECAUSE HIS HANDS ARE TOO FAR GONE.

MRS. BROUGH CLAIMS HER HUSBAND WENT UPSTAIRS TO GET SOME VALUABLE PAPERS, THEN THE PLANT BURST INTO FLAMES.



ACCORDING TO YOUR REPORT JOHN BROUGH HAD ALMOST A PERFECT SET OF TEETH. ONLY HIS LOWER SECOND BICUSPID TOOTH WAS MISSING.

I WILL CALL UP DR. PETERSON AND TELL HIM TO MEET US AT THE MORGUE. HE WILL TAKE X-RAYS FOR US.



I WILL HAVE THESE X-RAYS DEVELOPED FOR YOU SHORTLY. LOOKS LIKE A SHOT IN THE DARK BUT IT MIGHT PAY OFF.

IF JOHN BROUGH MURDERED ANOTHER MAN TO PASS OFF THE BODY AS HIS HE HAD TO DO ONE IMPORTANT THING. PULL OUT THAT TOOTH UNLESS IT WAS MISSING. AND THAT WOULD BE SOME COINCIDENCE!



ACCORDING TO THIS X-RAY, PART OF THE ROOT IS IN THE GUM. THE WAY IT WAS BROKEN INDICATES NO DENTIST PULLED IT!

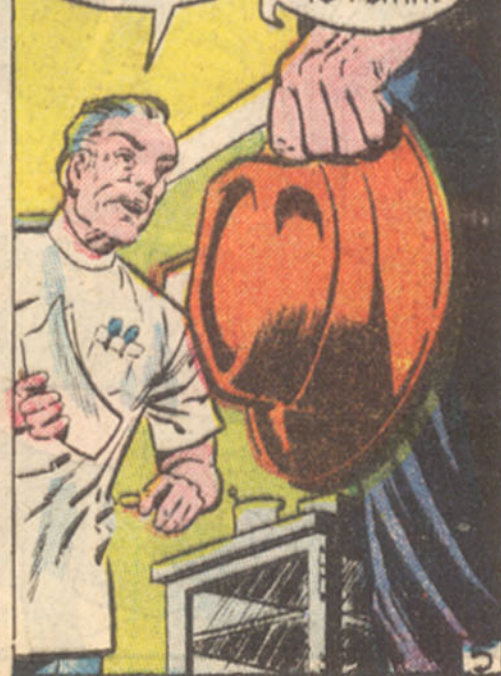
OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO VISIT MR. BROUGH'S DENTIST. IT MIGHT TAKE A FEW DAYS TO LOCATE HIM.



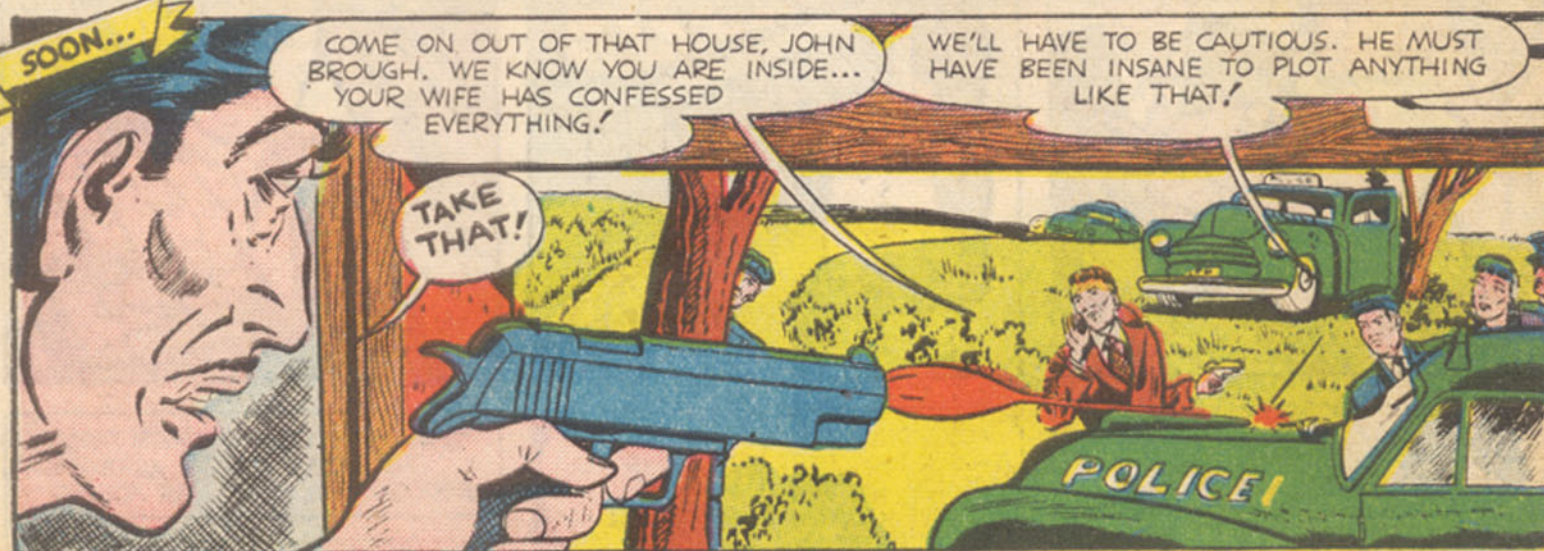
THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF THE LOCAL DENTAL ASSOCIATION BROUGH'S DENTIST WAS FOUND.

MY RECORDS SHOW THAT I REMOVED THAT TOOTH LAST YEAR. IT DIDN'T BREAK OFF AT THE ROOT. IT WAS AN EASY EXTRACTION!

MRS. BROUGH CLAIMED SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF HER HUSBAND'S DENTIST. SHE KNOWS MORE THAN SHE CARES TO ADMIT.



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

THE FORGER



CHECK-FORGERY IS BECOMING ONE OF THE FASTEST GROWING CRIMES IN THE NATION. AROUND THE FIRST OF THE MONTH THIEVES GET TO LETTER BOXES RIGHT BEHIND THE LETTER CARRIERS. BOXES ARE BROKEN OPEN AND CHECKS STOLEN.

FRANK FROLO



THE THIEF-FORGER EVENTUALLY BETRAYS HIMSELF WHEN HE PASSES A CHECK IN A STORE. THE CLERK GIVES HIS DESCRIPTION TO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS. IF THE EXTENSIVE HAND-WRITING FILE OF THE SECRET SERVICE FIELD OFFICE FAILS TO IDENTIFY THE CRIMINAL THE HANDWRITING IS CHECKED AGAINST THE ENORMOUS MASTER FILES OF HANDWRITING IN WASHINGTON.

ON ARREST THE SUSPECT IS GIVEN A HANDWRITING TEST. WHEN THE CASE GOES TO TRIAL HANDWRITING EXPERTS FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT EXHIBIT ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAMPLES AND POINT OUT TO THE JURY THE OBVIOUS RESEMBLANCES AND THE LOWEST FORM OF THIEF IS SENTENCED.



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